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- (2) Contact prints only are eligible. Prints may be mounted or unmounted, but the outside size of any mount must not exceed 8×6 .
- (3) Competitors may send in as many entries as they like, but the subject and the full name and address of each competitor must be written on the back of each picture.
- (4) Every picture entered must have been taken on Kodak $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ Film Pack by the competitor, though he or she need not have done the development, printing or mounting.
- (5) Entries must be addressed to Photo Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, and must arrive not later than August 30, 1924. The

result will be advertised in the *Daily Mail* on September 30.
(6) The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap reserve to themselves the right of purchasing the copyright of any of the photographs sent for £2 2s. each.
(7) Kodak Limited will act as judges to the competition and their decision must be accepted as final.
(8) Competitors may choose any of the following subjects, and the prizes will be awarded to the pictures that best illustrate the spirit of the title; photographic excellence or technical quality will not count—it is the picture that will win the prize.

SUBJECTS:

Children at Play. Pets. A day with a Hawk-Eye. Sports and Pastimes. Boy Scouts or Girl Guides. Outdoors in Spring. Nature Study.



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Price 59/6



V. 87.—Felt Hat with Brim rolled up slightly in front with quartered Crown, trimmed Plain Band and Bow. In Brown, Cinnamon, Pheasant, Grey and Black.

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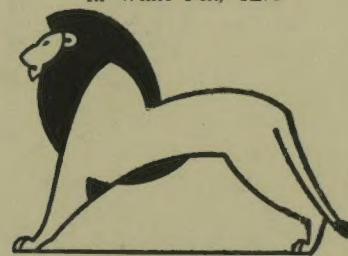
In White Felt, 29/6



V. 77.—A Becoming and Attractive Felt Hat, in Self and Reversible colourings. Adaptable Brim and Crown, trimmed Corded Ribbon Bind, Band and Bow, with Feather Mount at side. Can be supplied in various fittings and good colourings.

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The illustration represents the fashionable "Choker" that is now so much the vogue. It is stocked in Marten, Mink, and Sable, at prices ranging from £4 10 0

The International Fur Store's creations are undeniably the finest examples of modern furriery that it is possible to produce. Taking *quality* with *price*, they afford better *value* for the money than do the cheaper furs that are offered here and there at "Bargain Prices."

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Three years the leaf matures. But, once it has achieved its full ripeness, remarkably little time elapses before the tobacco as you know it reaches your hands.

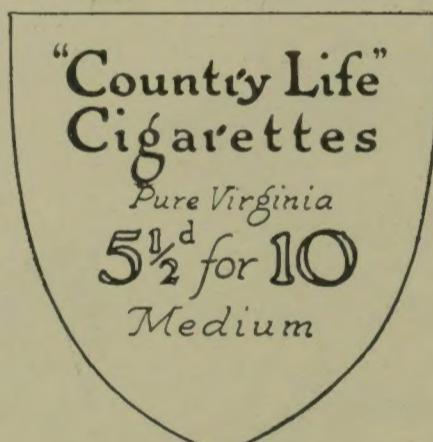
The freshness of "Country Life" is due largely to the extraordinary care devoted to its packing.

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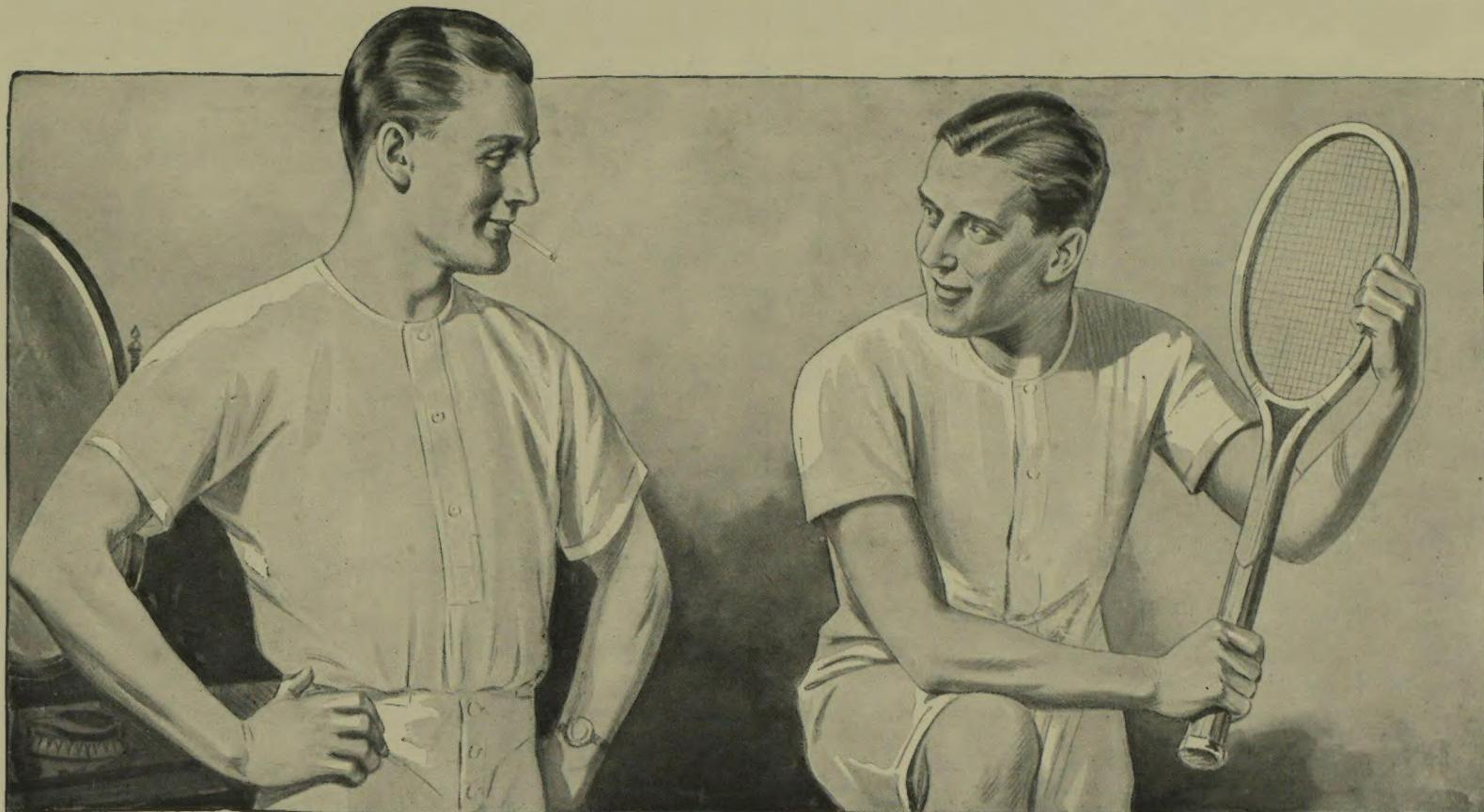
Remember the three strengths and the two prices:

COUNTRY LIFE **1/-** per
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(White Label) oz.



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Get more bite into your service, speed your returns, play on to the last set with full vigour—by choosing the right racquet and the right underwear.

The wrong kind of underwear can take as much from your game as a racquet that has lost its guts. It induces a creeping, sticky tiredness which gives the opponent an advantage over "van."

Aertex Underwear is specially designed and constructed to ensure freedom of action on the warmest days; fullness of vitality on the most strenuous occasions; sustained fitness.

The "reason-why" is in the fabric from which Aertex garments are made. This unique weave contains thousands of tiny "cells" which form a constantly operating air-circulating system, clothing the wearer with a layer of air in motion which refreshes the tissues, cleanses the pores, retards lassitude.

Hundreds of thousands have proved the value of Aertex—let Aertex keep you in tournament form throughout 1924.

To Overseas Customers

See the AERTEX label on all garments—your guarantee of quality. Refuse imitations.



Aertex Underwear can be obtained from leading outfitters in almost every country in the temperate and torrid zones. Non-actinic Aertex garments, made from specially-dyed yarns, prevent sunstroke and nervous depression caused by actinic rays.

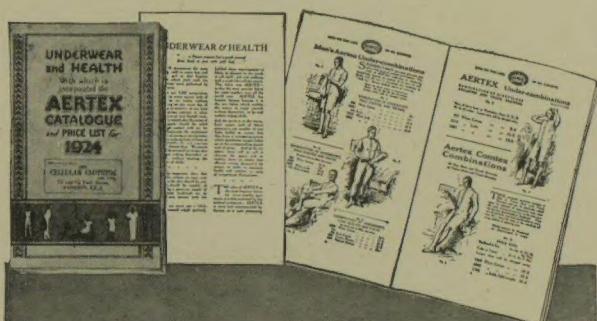
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Fully illustrated Aertex catalogue, with descriptions and prices, is incorporated in "Underwear and Health," a booklet of interest which will be sent (free) on request to Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 72 & 73 Fore St., London, E.C. 2.

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A rub-down—dress—and you are ready for anything—re-invigorated—brilliant, and at your very best.

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts form a perfect safeguard against all uric acid complaints. If you are a sufferer from Rheumatism, Gout, etc., you will find relief from pain in the first bath.

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BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.
No. 28, OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

A & P.S.—7

Simplicity, Efficiency & Economy

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It is efficient because the constant high speed rotation of the revolving cutters at the approximate rate of 100 cuts per second, gives

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It is economical—a satisfied owner tells us that he can cut 1,000 square yards in 16 minutes at an approximate cost of a penny—in other words, the "Governor" will cut

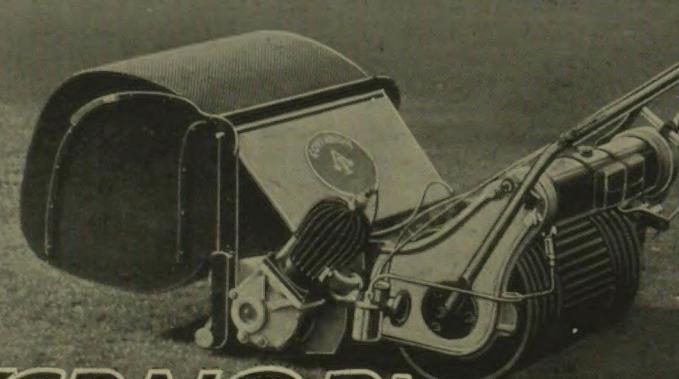
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So confident are we that the machine will cut your lawns better and cheaper than ever before, that we offer you a seven days' free trial on your own lawns—we do not send an expert—you test it yourself at your leisure. Could any offer be more fair? Write for our booklet, which tells you more of this wonderful machine.

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GOVERNOR'
MOTOR LAWN MOWER



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1924.

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THEIR MAJESTIES OF ROUMANIA, WHO HAVE BEEN ON A VISIT TO LONDON:

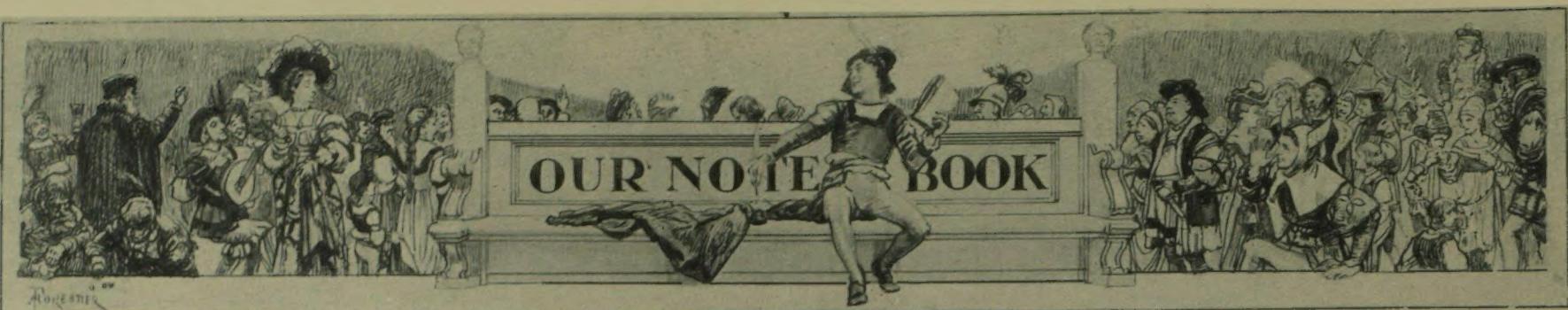
Queen Marie of Roumania, who, with her husband, King Ferdinand, has been on a state visit to England this week, is a first cousin of our King, as she is the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria. On her arrival in this country, she was hailed as a Fair Maid of Kent, as she was born at Eastwell Park, and spent her childhood there. She is a very beautiful and accomplished woman,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK.

KING FERDINAND IN UNIFORM; AND QUEEN MARIE IN NATIONAL DRESS.

and is the author of "Ildirim," "The Lily of Life," "My Country," etc., and has just published a new book, "The Voice on the Mountain." Our photograph shows her in national dress, which she often wears, as she desires to encourage the picturesque costume which is so seldom seen now in her country; indeed, she has started a movement to encourage Society women to appear in this beautiful dress at fancy-dress balls.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the last issue of *The Illustrated London News* there was a reproduction of Mr. Otway McCannell's picture of "The Devil's Chessboard," along with a quotation of his own explanation of it, as published in the *Daily News*. It would not be easy to criticise his picture; but it is easier to criticise his explanation. We cannot contradict what a picture says, because it says nothing. It is not talkative, and certainly not explanatory. It is a matter of symbols, and symbols are not statements. The symbols in this case are a number of repulsive people playing chess with human pawns, while behind them is a horrible vision of slaughter. In so far as this vision can be said to state anything, it most certainly states the truth. If there are luxurious and cynical people who launch wars wantonly for their own amusement, like chess-players, it is very right that they should be represented as repulsive; and they cannot be represented as more repulsive than they are. If there be any clergyman, of any Christian body, who looks at a battlefield with gloating satisfaction, let us hope that he looks as ugly as the clergyman in the picture. If young ladies really did regard young men going to die as curiously carved chessmen, then I heartily agree that any such young lady deserves to be painted with her eyes screwed up in the curious Chinese fashion depicted here. But in strict logic, any statements that can be said to be involved in the picture cannot conclusively apply to anybody or anything outside the picture. The painter may obviously intend more by his picture, but we cannot pin him to anything except his picture. He would be logically justified in disclaiming responsibility for anything like an application of his idea. Suppose I were to find, in some corner of our society, a girl who did actually discover for herself that there was a certain tragedy in parting with a soldier. The artist would be justified in saying: "I did not paint her portrait in my picture." Suppose, for the sake of argument, that it were actually possible to find a priest here and there who happened to have some pity for men dying in agonies. The artist could confront even that marvel with equanimity and say: "I did not put all priests in my picture." It is even just conceivable that there were in all Europe one or two elderly men who were sorry when their sons or younger brothers were killed. But even this incredible revelation need not shake Mr. McCannell in his merely artistic capacity, since he did not paint portraits of those particular old men. You cannot bring an action for libel against an allegorical picture. You cannot conduct an argument with a mass of oil and paint, or a combination of lines and colours. All that a picture, considered as a picture, can be said to maintain, is that people so detestable might well be detested, or that when things are as bad as that they are very bad indeed.

But when the artist himself offers an explanation, it is possible to offer a criticism. When his meaning is expressed, not merely in a painting, but in a paragraph in the newspapers, we are justified in criticising not merely what we think his picture means, but what he thinks it means. And if he does not know what it means, who does? Apparently he begins by saying that it is "meant to be a perfectly fearless satire upon modern war." I will not digress on the side-issue of whether we shall admire the fearlessness of people who paint pictures, when we no longer admire the fearlessness of those who fight battles. I will assume that the artist is not satirising fearlessness in any form, but only a wrinkled cynicism which uses the fearlessness of others, and which nobody can detest more than I do. In that case I eagerly ask his sympathy for the delightful little boy sitting

in the front of the picture, who is certainly neither wrinkled nor cynical, but is engaged in the most gracious and glorious and beatific occupation of playing with a pistol. He is apparently pointing it straight at his wicked grandfather's syphon of soda-water; probably an allegory of the revolt of holy innocence against Prohibition. Anyhow, the little boy with the pistol is obviously the Hope of the World. Probably the artist put him into the picture lest it should be too pessimistic. When the faces of the old gentleman and the young lady depress us too much, we shall remember with a leap of joy that the little boy has got the pistol, and may start using it soon.

TO OUR READERS.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to the forthcoming publication of a DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, which will form the issue of May 24 and will deal exclusively, and, as far as possible, comprehensively, with

THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, an Exhibition which gives to the millions in the British Isles, as well as to visitors from the Dominions Overseas and from Foreign Countries, some idea of the vastness and the significance of that prolific, wealthy, and industrious portion of the civilised world over which the Union Jack flies, and has an importance which is, perhaps, even yet scarcely realised by the majority.

This magnificent Double Number will give an excellent impression of the Great Exhibition, and serve as a unique souvenir of the most remarkable collection ever made of exhibits from those parts of the globe that acknowledge the sway of King George V.

With the Number will be presented

A FINE ART PLATE
OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXHIBITION,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
a splendid reproduction of the famous portrait by J. St. Helier Lander, which was painted for this paper and has been presented by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS to Manchester.

We give this short notice of a Number which will certainly prove a magnificent souvenir so that our readers may be able to order early and thus not be disappointed. The issue will be on sale on May 23, and copies may be ordered now from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C.2., or from any bookstall or newsagent.

But when we come to the more general idea of a satire on war, we come to the real question of morality; appropriately represented by the amiable clergyman in the picture. And the moment the phrase is used, we find ourselves face to face with a colossal confusion of thought that seems as vast and interminable as the chaos of the Great War. When will people leave off talking about satirising War, or denouncing War, or defending War, or being for or against War? War is not a proposal; it is the refusal of all proposals. War is not an institution; it is the breakdown of all institutions. It is not something that we all agree to have; it is something that we do have when we do not agree. It is idle to talk of it at all in terms of the collective and co-operative action of two parties; it is by definition the condition in which they have to consider themselves separately. It is not the problem of two men and how they shall act together; it is the problem of one man when the other man will not act with him. They do not agree to have war; if they could agree to have war, they would probably agree to have peace.

This muddle about the very meaning of a fight would probably be cleared up if we simply substituted the idea of a quarrel. Suppose we asked all these questions that are asked about war with the alternative word "quarrelling." Is a quarrel a good thing? No; of course not. Is it ever right to pick a quarrel? Practically never. Will you or I, therefore, hereby promise and vow never to quarrel with anybody on any provocation for the rest of our lives? No; it depends on the quarrel. Will we predict that as a fact we shall have no quarrel with another person? No; it depends on the other person. Ought we to avoid quarrels, and so behave that there shall be hardly any quarrels, or ideally no quarrels? Yes; certainly. Ought we to assist to establish any reasonable arrangement for the avoidance of quarrels? Yes; certainly. Is it probable that any arrangement will actually prevent all quarrels from now till the crack of doom? Not very probable. Must both parties in the quarrel be wrong? No; probably one party is only wrong because the other party is right. Can one party be right to continue the quarrel? Yes; but he can only be right because the other party is wrong. Can the quarrel itself be said to be wrong? Not in the sense of uniting both parties; it is nonsense. Is there any such thing as the right or wrong of the quarrel, apart from the rights or wrongs of the parties? No; of course not. Did any two human beings out of a lunatic asylum ever say to each other, in a spirit of comradeship and constructive statesmanship: "The time has now come for us to have a quarrel"? No.

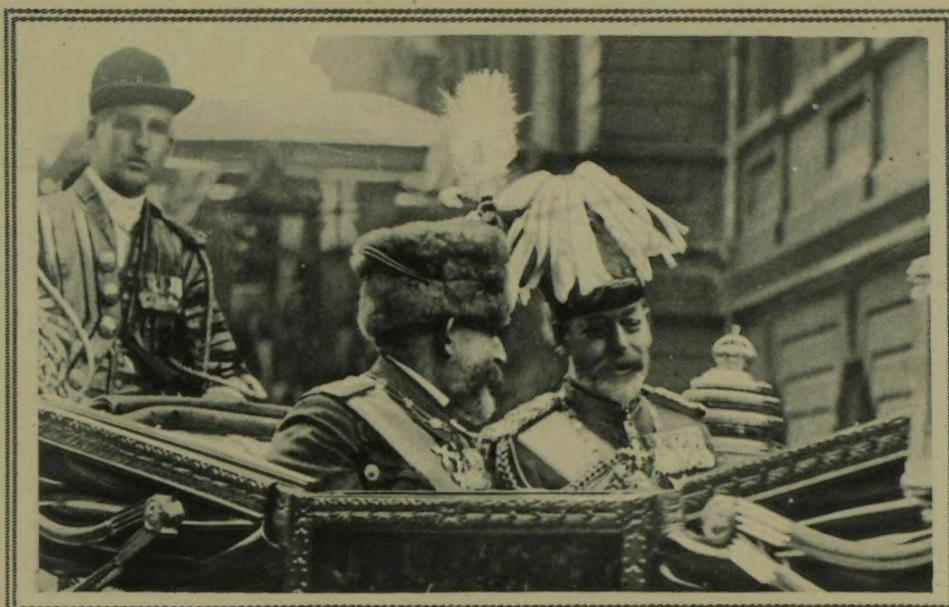
In a word, a war is not one thing. It is two things which contradict each other. It cannot be judged as we judge a social creation or construction. It is not a corporate act of will, but a conflict of two wills. If one will is trying to do something wicked, the will resisting it is thereby inevitably doing something just. All this is perfectly obvious when it is stated; but if people could see anything so obvious, they would not go on denouncing War as they would denounce Welsh Disestablishment or the House of Lords. And, in the light of these very simple truths, it may dawn on the artist that a priest might possibly "preach the beauty of sacrifice" and "the symbolism of the Cross" without rejoicing in the peculiar cast of countenance or contortion of feature which he has given to the cleric who is looking at the chessboard. If a priest was ever present when two old gentlemen said: "Let us have a war," instead of: "Let us have a game of chess," the priest would be a very servile rascal if he did not protest. But if a priest was present when one old gentleman went mad and tried to shoot the little boy with the pistol and brain the young lady with the soda-water syphon, the priest would surely be justified in admiring the unexpected activity and valour of the other old gentleman in his attempts to rescue them. If the other old gentleman had his eye put out, or broke an arm or a leg, and suffered the pain with great fortitude for the justice of his cause, I venture to maintain that the priest would be perfectly justified in consoling him with the beauty of sacrifice and the symbolism of the Cross. Now a large number of priests did hold, rightly or wrongly but perfectly sincerely, that the side for which they stood was defending the weak against injustice at terrible sacrifice. And to say that because the sacrifice is terrible, therefore the justice is horrible, is a piece of benighted unreason which the priest may well leave to enlightened agnostics and liberated laymen. The priest might just as well say that St. Laurence on the gridiron must not be regarded as heroic because his experience was horrible.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

We would remind those of our readers who are interested in the "Anaglyphs" which we are publishing from time to time that anyone who may have laid the red and green films given away with the first Anaglyphs (published in our issue of March 8) may obtain (if they have not already done so) one Anaglyph viewing-mask, complete with red and green films, by filling up the coupon printed on page 920 of this issue, and forwarding it, accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

THE ROYAL VISITORS FROM ROUMANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., PHOTOPRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., AITKEN, L.N.A., G.P.U., AND ALFIERI.

THE SMILING QUEEN MARIE :
LONDON SNAPSHOTS.ROYAL CORDIALITIES : (L. TO R.) KING FERDINAND AND KING GEORGE
CHATTING DURING THE DRIVE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.THE SMILING QUEEN MARIE :
LONDON SNAPSHOTS.LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE THEY VISITED
THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE : THE KING AND QUEEN
OF ROUMANIA WITH THE REV. W. H. CARNEGIE.INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT
VICTORIA : (L. TO R.) KING FERDINAND AND
KING GEORGE PASSING ALONG THE LINE.GREETED AT DOVER BY THE PRINCE OF
WALES : (L. TO R.) QUEEN MARIE, THE
PRINCE, AND KING FERDINAND ON DECK.MASTER ALEXANDER RAMSAY (SON OF COMMANDER AND LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY) ASSISTING
POLICEMEN TO OPEN THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE : A TASK WHICH HE ENJOYS
ON ALL IMPORTANT OCCASIONS.GREETING THE ROYAL GUESTS FROM ROUMANIA :
MASTER ALEXANDER RAMSAY WITH HIS FLAG AT
THE SALUTE.

The King and Queen of Roumania crossed from Calais to Dover, on May 12, in the S.S. "Maid of Orleans," which had been sent over from Dover to fetch them. On their arrival at Dover the Prince of Wales went on board the boat to welcome them on behalf of the King, and accompanied them on the railway journey to London. The scenes at Victoria, where they were greeted by the King and Queen in person, are illustrated on a double-page in this number, as well as the ceremony at the Cenotaph. After that King Ferdinand and Queen Marie visited Westminster Abbey, where they were received by the Sub-Dean,

the Rev. W. H. Carnegie, and other clergy. The King deposited a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Warrior, and beside it was placed a Roumanian war decoration, inscribed "Virtute Militara." Queen Marie also laid on the grave a spray of white carnations. She was delighted to be again in London, which, as a British Princess, she knows well, and her charming smile won all hearts in the crowds that gathered to welcome the royal visitors. Master Alexander Ramsay, who was four last December, is a grandson of the Duke of Connaught. Before her marriage his mother was known as Princess Patricia of Connaught.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA IN LONDON: A ROYAL WELCOME; TRIBUTES AT THE CENOTAPH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON

PHOTO CO., I.B., C.N., AND ALFIERI.



ROYAL GREETINGS AT VICTORIA: (L TO R., IN FRONT) THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, THE DUCHESS OF YORK, THE DUKE OF YORK (HALF-HIDDEN), AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—(IN LEFT BACKGROUND) THE PREMIER AND THE HOME SECRETARY.



LONDON GIVES AN ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME TO THE BRITISH-BORN QUEEN OF ROUMANIA: THE CARRIAGE CONTAINING (RIGHT TO LEFT) THE QUEEN, QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA, PRINCE HENRY, AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK, ON THE WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM VICTORIA.



THE ROYAL VISITORS OFFER THEIR TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN'S "GLORIOUS DEAD": THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AT THE CENOTAPH, WHERE KING FERDINAND LAID A WREATH OF LAUREL AND LILIES, AND QUEEN MARIE A BOUQUET OF WHITE ROSES.

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania landed on May 12 at Dover, and were welcomed there by the Prince of Wales, who travelled with them to London. On arrival at Victoria they were met on the platform by the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Henry, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family, as shown in our first photograph above. In the left background (in the space between the Queen and King Ferdinand), are the Prime Minister (Mr. Ramsay MacDonald) and the Home Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson), both in Court dress. Next to Mr. Henderson is Lord Cheylesmore, and further to the right is the Lord Mayor (behind and slightly to the right of the Queen of Roumania). In the afternoon the



A CLOSE VIEW OF THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA (SECOND FROM RIGHT), WHO "HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN THAT SHE IS A BRITISH PRINCESS BY BIRTH": DRIVING WITH THE QUEEN, PRINCE HENRY, AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK FROM VICTORIA TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

royal visitors laid wreaths at the Cenotaph; and on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey. In the evening they were entertained at a State Banquet at Buckingham Palace, and King George said in his speech (referring to the Queen of Roumania): "Her Majesty the Queen, my dear cousin, is British-born, and in these islands is regarded with esteem and affection." King Ferdinand, in his reply, said that she "has never forgotten she is a British princess by birth." Queen Marie is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, and a first cousin of King George. Her mother was a daughter of the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH, TOPICAL, P. AND A. C.N., L.N.A. AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS: THE AGA KHAN'S DIOPHON (G. HULME UP).



THE MISSING U.S. WORLD-FIWER SAFE: MAJOR MARTIN.



WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS: LORD ROSEBERY'S PLACK (C. ELLIOTT UP).



AMERICA PAYS A LAST TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT ITALIAN ACTRESS WHO DIED ON HER SOIL: THE BODY OF ELEONORA DUSE BORNE THROUGH NEW YORK.



WATERLOO BRIDGE CLOSED TO TRAFFIC Owing TO THE SUBSIDENCE: A VIEW FROM THE STRAND APPROACH, SHOWING THE NOTICE-BOARD.



THE FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION WHICH RESULTED IN THE UNEXPECTED DEFEAT OF M. POINCARÉ: THE METHOD OF SECRET VOTING, IN CURTAINED ALCOVES, USED IN FRANCE.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC RECORDS HIS VOTE IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: M. MILLERAND, WITH HIS TWO SONS, LEAVING A POLLING STATION.

The Aga Khan's colt, Diophon (G. Hulme up), won the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket on May 7. Lord Astor's Bright Knight was second, and Mr. J. B. Joel's Green Fire, third. The One Thousand Guineas, on May 9, was won by Lord Rosebery's filly Plack, ridden by C. Elliott, with the Aga Khan's Mumtaz Mahal second, and Sir E. Hulton's Straitlace third.—Major Martin, the leader of the United States Army World Flight, and his mechanic, Sergeant Harvey, arrived safely on foot at Port Moller, on the Behring Sea, on May 7, after being missing since April 30. Their aeroplane collided with a mountain in a fog shortly after they left Chignik on that date, and after much wandering they at last reached a trapper's cabin. They have since returned to Washington.—The

body of Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, who died at Pittsburgh, passed through New York on the way to Italy. It arrived at Asolo, near Monte Grappa, on May 12, and on the next day was buried in the cemetery there.—Waterloo Bridge was closed to traffic, owing to the subsidence, at midnight on May 11, "both as a measure of precaution and to expedite the works now being executed."—The French General Election had resulted, by May 12 (when 14 more returns had still to be made), in the Left Bloc of Radical Socialists and Radicals, led by M. Briand and M. Herriot, obtaining some forty more votes than that headed by M. Poincaré. It was announced later that he would resign on June 1, and would cancel his proposed visit to Chequers.

THE BURNING OF THE "FRANGESTAN": A CONRAD STORY IN REAL LIFE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



AFTER TAKING FIRE IN THE RED SEA WITH 1200 PILGRIMS FOR JEDDAH ON BOARD, WHO WERE SAFELY TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER SHIP: THE BRITISH STEAMER "FRANGESTAN," BURNING AND ABANDONED, SUNK BY GUNFIRE FROM A SUBMARINE, AS A DANGER TO NAVIGATION, AND GOING DOWN BY THE STERN.

NEWS reached Lloyd's on April 3 that the British steamer "Frangestan," bound from Bombay to Genoa and Barcelona, and having on board at the time 1200 pilgrims for Jeddah, was on fire in the Red Sea. She had a cargo of cotton said to be worth at least £250,000. Later messages stated that the pilgrims had been transferred to another British ship, the s.s. "Clan MacIver," that all the passengers were safe, and that the "Frangestan," still burning fiercely, had been sunk by gunfire, as a danger to navigation, by the big British submarine "K 26," which was on a cruise from Portsmouth to Singapore. A vivid picture of a fire at sea, and of all that

(Continued in Box 2.)

it means to those on board a ship so doomed, is to be found in Joseph Conrad's story, "Youth." He describes the first discovery, through a smell of burning, the gradual smouldering of the cargo, a sudden explosion, the arrival of another vessel, the obstinate refusal of the captain to leave his ship, and the final taking to the boats. "The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night. . . . At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within. . . . Suddenly she went down, head first, in a great hiss of steam."



WITH THE LAST OF THE "FRANGESTAN'S" BOATS ALONGSIDE: THE BRITISH 2300-TON SUBMARINE "K 26," (THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD) THAT SANK THE BURNING DERELICT.

THE FIRST POLICE USE OF SPANIELS AND TERRIERS: DOG DETECTIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.



THE FIRST USE OF DOGS OTHER THAN BLOODHOUNDS IN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION: MAJOR CHIPP AND CAPTAIN FORDHAM WITH THEIR DOGS SCOURING THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE BUNGALOW NEAR EASTBOURNE, WHERE THE REMAINS OF MISS KAYE WERE FOUND.



WITH THEIR DOGS SEEKING THE MISSING HEAD OF MISS KAYE, WHOSE REMAINS WERE FOUND IN A BUNGALOW AT WESTHAM, PEVENSEY BAY: MAJOR CHIPP AND CAPTAIN FORDHAM DURING THEIR FOUR HOURS' SEARCH OF THE GROUND ADJOINING THE HOUSE.



INCLUDING FIVE COCKER SPANIELS, TWO AIREDALE TERRIERS, AND THREE WIRE-HAIRED TERRIERS: THE TEN DOGS SELECTED, WITH THEIR OWNERS, MAJOR CHIPP AND CAPTAIN FORDHAM, AND A POLICE INSPECTOR, OUTSIDE THE BUNGALOW.

We have no desire to dwell on the gruesome details of what is known as "the bungalow crime," but these photographs are particularly interesting as showing the first use of dogs, other than bloodhounds, in criminal investigation. The object of the experiment was to find out, if possible, whether the severed head, which was missing, had been thrown away or hidden in the ground. The number of dogs was restricted to ten. Five of these—cocker spaniels with black silky coats—were lent by Major Chipp, formerly of the Indian Army; and the other five—two Airedale terriers and three wire-haired terriers—by Captain Fordham. Both of them live at Pevensey Bay. The dogs were worked in two parties,

each party in charge of the owner. Chief Detective-Inspector Savage pointed out the various areas he wanted searched. With him was Detective-Inspector Hall and other police officers. All the dogs showed almost human understanding in their work, but the zeal and intelligence of the spaniels was especially noticeable. The wire-haired terriers were also extremely keen and effective, and well proved their fitness for the task, but one of the Airedales held her head too high. The search, which began at dawn, lasted for four hours, during which the party covered over three miles in a straight line. The experiment proved, beyond question, that dogs can be usefully employed in the tracing of crime.

THE EMERGENCE OF ABYSSINIA: THE REGENT'S VISIT TO EUROPE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK.



NOW ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE AND EXPECTED IN LONDON NEXT JULY:
RAS TAFARI, G.C.M.G., THE FAMOUS REGENT AND HEIR APPARENT OF ABYSSINIA,
SEEING HIS LITTLE SON OFF FOR A RIDE AT ADDIS ABABA.

Ras Tafari, the Heir-Apparent and Regent of Abyssinia, left Addis Ababa, on April 16, with a considerable retinue, for a tour in Europe. He spent Easter (Orthodox style) in Jerusalem, and after a short stay in Cairo arranged to visit successively Paris, Brussels, Rome, and London, as the guest of the respective Governments, at whose invitation he comes. On May 8 he left Cairo, after dining with King Fuad at the Abdin Palace, and the next day embarked at Alexandria for Marseilles. He is due in London about July 7. Except for a short visit to Jibuti and Aden last year, he has never before travelled abroad. The chief object of his journey is to establish friendly relations with foreign countries, and it marks the fact that Abyssinia, which last year was admitted

to the League of Nations, is entering on a new period of development. Under Ras Tafari's rule, new anti-slavery laws have been framed, and reforms made in education and the administration of justice. The composition of the Regent's retinue indicates the growth in strength of the central Government, for it includes princes of the Northern kingdom and the ruler of the Western kingdom, both of which have hitherto been at variance with the royal house of Shoa in the South, to which Ras Tafari himself belongs. He is described as a man of wide culture and sound views, and in appearance he is "every inch a king." He rules in place of the Empress Zauditu, who was crowned in 1917. She is a daughter of the Emperor Menelik, who died in 1913.

THE CENTENARY OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB: THE RESORT OF THE ELECT IN LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

BY COURTESY OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB. PHOTOGRAPHS

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



1. SHOWING THE MOUNTING BLOCK (ON THE KERB IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) PLACED THERE AT THE SUGGESTION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—THE EXTERIOR OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.



2. WHERE BALLOTS FOR NEW MEMBERS ARE HELD EVERY SPRING, WHEN 200 TO 300 MEMBERS ASSEMBLE: THE DRAWING-ROOM IN THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.



3. DECORATED IN POMPEIAN STYLE FROM DESIGNS BY THE LATE SIR EDWARD Poynter, P.R.A.: THE COFFEE-ROOM IN THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.



4. WHERE ABRAHAM HAYWARD'S FAMOUS WHIST PARTY (INCLUDING ANTHONY TROLLOPE, SIR CHARLES JESSEL, AND MR. W. E. FORSTER) USED TO PLAY: A CORNER IN THE NORTH LIBRARY.



5. WHERE DICKENS AND THACKERAY WERE RECONCILED, AFTER A LONG ESTRANGEMENT, ON THE TWO BOTTOM STEPS OF THE STAIRCASE: THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE ATHENÆUM.



6. SHOWING A CHAIR (AT THE FOOT OF THE SPIRAL STAIR) IN THE SOUTH LIBRARY, WHICH ALSO CONTAINS MACAULAY'S



CASE) USED BY DICKENS WHEN WRITING "EDWIN DROOD": FAVOURITE CHAIR, USED LATER BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.



7. WITH THE FIRST SECRETARY'S ESCRITOIRE (ON THE RIGHT) CONTAINING SPECIMENS OF THE CLUB'S ORIGINAL CHINA, GLASS, AND PLATE SERVICES: THE TOP GALLERY TO THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Although the actual foundation of the Athenæum Club—the famous resort of Britain's *elite* in literature, art, and science—took place on February 16, 1824, it was not until the following May that the club entered its first home at 12, Waterloo Place (since rebuilt). The Centenary is accordingly to be celebrated by a dinner of the members on May 28 and a conversation for guests on June 3, followed by a ball for the staff on June 7. Previous illustrations, in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the historic meeting in the Royal Society's rooms at Somerset House, where the club came into being, appeared in our issue of February 23 last. They included a portrait of the chairman on that occasion, Sir Humphry Davy, and Chantrey's bust of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty, regarded as "the real founder" since the original suggestion came from him. In February 1830 the present handsome building, illustrated above, was erected from the designs of Decimus Burton. A history of the club is now in course of preparation by Mr. Henry R. Tedder, and will probably be privately printed for members in the course of the centenary year. The historical notes furnished with the above photographs are

in full, as follows: 1. The exterior, Athenæum Club. The mounting-block (on the kerb in the left foreground) was placed there at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington about 1830. The figure of Minerva is by Baily, the sculptor of Nelson in Trafalgar Square. 2. The Drawing-Room. In this room are held the Ballots for new members every spring. Sometimes 200 to 300 members are assembled on these occasions. 3. The Coffee-Room, decorated in Pompeian style from designs by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A. 4. The North Library, showing the corner where Abraham Hayward's famous whist party met. The other players were Anthony Trollope, Sir Charles Jessel, Master of the Rolls, and the Right Hon. W. E. Forster. 5. The Entrance Hall. On the two bottom stairs (right-hand side) Dickens and Thackeray were reconciled after a long estrangement. 6. The South Library. The chair seen at the foot of the spiral staircase was that used by Dickens when writing "Edwin Drood." 7. The Top Gallery to the Smoking-Room. The collection of prints and drawings numbers nearly 300, all relating to the Athenæum. The escritoire is that of the first Secretary, and contains specimens of the club's original china, glass, and plate services.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES FROHMAN.—“THE THREE HUNDRED.”

For it is not right that in a house the Muses haunt
Mourning should dwell; such things befit us not.

THESE words of the dying Sappho are fittingly entwined on the fountain to Charles Frohman's memory at Marlow, where, at the river-bank, he loved to dwell and in repose planned his mighty campaigns in England and America. It is right that Charles Frohman should have his memorial, thanks to the initiative of his great friends, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Miss Pauline Chase, and the late Haddon Chambers. For Charles Frohman has deserved well of the drama of this country. At first many did not see eye-to-eye with him. He had to acclimatise. His American methods, in the days when the actor-manager reigned supreme, bewildered us. They uprooted our conservatism. They sometimes shocked our innate sense of decorum. The trumpet blew all too hard. The *réclame* was “kolossal” and—the importations which enchanted New York were not always to our taste, while some of the actors whom he sponsored, *quand-même*, sometimes did not quite fit into our frame. But he had an excellent henchman, the late William Lestocq, and I think in the background he had a great mentor in Sir James Barrie, the man who understands the English people better than any other living, the man whose work Frohman adored and upon which he lavished all the bounties of his liberal hand. Who could forget the perfect ensemble of “Peter Pan”?

Between these twain Frohman rapidly learned to understand the national character and our ideals, and to find the right road to universal appreciation. He still imported from America: where spectacular effects were required he followed the precepts of Belasco, not always to his advantage; but in his later years he firmly made up his mind that, if he would serve America as the Americans desired, he would establish in England his reputation as an English manager. And thus he turned his chief attention in London to plays of our own soil, and nearly every contemporary British author found a hearing on the boards, which, at one time, he absorbed with such rapidity that he became the master of the situation. In 1910 he laid the stone which became the pedestal of his fame in the annals of our dramatic history. The great success of Galsworthy's “Strife” (1909) awakened in him the thought that London was ripe for a Repertory Theatre. And never was there a more auspicious beginning than when Galsworthy's “Justice,” at the Duke of York's Theatre, sent a thrill through the artistic world. The impression was so deep, the acting so wonderful (I still see Dennis Eadie in the cell as I write) that we dreamed of the millennium.

The Repertory Theatre, we felt convinced, had come to stay. But it was not to be. Other plays followed, among them George Meredith's one and only play, but somehow the progress was not in the ascendant. A play by Granville Barker, “The

The more the merrier. Here is another play-producing society, “The Three Hundred,” and its originator is Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, closely allied to the Drama League; its venue—at present—the Theatre of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (a concise and practical little name) in Malet Street—if you know where that is. On behalf of Mrs. Whitworth (for wisely there is a committee of one only) young Mr. J. C. Squire delivered to us before the first performance what the programme called an “exordium”—an exhortation to come forward and sign in, as at present the ranks are serried but thin. He also outlined the policy of the new enterprise; and here, I think, he was a little unjust to the older sister institutions. He said that “The Three Hundred” would espouse the cause of the young authors who had not been encouraged by the other Sunday Societies.

Now this is neither correct nor just. Of the existing bodies, at least two have rendered yeoman service to the young generation—namely, the Play Actors and the Repertory Players. Both have a long list of juvenile productions to their credit, and “At Mrs. Beam's,” “Within Four Walls,” “Havoc,” are salient examples of the regular stage's gain by experimental performances.

In connection with this prognostication of policy it was rather quaint to find the opening programme occupied by a very old play—Mrs. Sheridan's “Discovery.” True, it had been fashioned and amended in form and plot by Mr. Aldous Huxley, formerly the critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, now a novelist of promising originality. But where is the benefit to young authors in this début? The play is of the well-worn pattern of the period—eminently inferior to the work of Mrs. Sheridan's famous son. It is amusing in patches and wearisome in plot and dialogue. It afforded some opportunities to the actors, notably to Miss Isobel Jeans, ever delightful in these biscuit figures of eighteenth-century delicacy; to Mr. Herbert Waring, the young veteran, who gave a perfect picture of *grande seigneurie*; to Mr. Randall Ayrton, who humanised and harmonised the somewhat crookish chief character of Lord Medway—bent on breaking his children's hearts to fill his coffers; to Miss Margaret Yarde, inimitable in her merry impersonation of amorous ladies of ripe vintage. But, frankly, deft as was the work of Mr. Huxley in his remodelling of the plot, the evening was not wholly exhilarating; and I feel sure that our young playwrights could easily go one better than Mrs. Sheridan *mère*, rediscovered in a valiant effort to raise her to posthumous glory.



TO SING AT COVENT GARDEN AND THE QUEEN'S HALL: MME. D'ALVAREZ, THE FAMOUS PERUVIAN CONTRALTO. Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez, the famous contralto, who has been touring in Canada and the United States, recently sailed for England, and is to give her first recital at the Queen's Hall on June 2. She is also to appear in Italian opera at Covent Garden. In Washington she sang by special request for President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House. Mme. d'Alvarez is by birth a Peruvian.—[Photograph by Lassalle.]

Madras House,” failed to attract or to be understood. Was the repertory not well chosen? Was the Metropolis not ripe for the enterprise? However that may be—and there is something to be said for both causes—the audiences fell off; the experiment

cost a great deal of money; and, with great chagrin, Frohman closed the door to Repertory and returned to the old policy of long runs. From that moment his activities in England began to lessen; America was a surer field, and his policy of expansion ceased. As Lestocq once put it, he was “disheartened, but not despairing.” Up to the last he carried within the cherished scheme of endowing London with an “Art for Art's sake” theatre. He had been too previous, he said. Rome was not built in a day, nor could be a Repertory Theatre. “Some day the Guv'nor will carry it out,” said Lestocq; “he is always talking about it; it is his pet idea. He is not out for money—never was. He would tell you that much of what he made in the States went by the board in London.” Lestocq, a very discreet man, would never say more, yet it was an open secret that in the end Frohman's great London “push” left him on the wrong side. But that meant nothing to him: he began to concentrate, to invest in fewer theatres—a reactionary *modus operandi* to prepare for a greater and lasting advance. Then came the war and the ill-fated journey in the *Lusitania*, and with him foundered the secret of future enterprise. A little monument at Marlow-on-Thames, with the symbols of his ideals, Youth, Spring, and the Joy of Life, perpetuates his memory for coming generations. For us who knew him the unveiling is a welcome opportunity to pay tribute to his master-mind, his amazing activity, and his real devotion to the Theatre of England.



TWO “ANGLES” OF A NEW “ETERNAL TRIANGLE” PLAY, “THIS MARRIAGE,” AT THE COMEDY: VERA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT) FINDS A LETTER FROM THE SIREN TO HER HUSBAND, CHRIS (MR. HERBERT MARSHALL).

“This Marriage,” the new comedy by Mr. E. Crawshay-Williams, turns on a situation of the “eternal triangle” type. The husband, after collaborating with his wife in drawing up “the ten commandments of marriage”

[Continued opposite.]



THE THIRD ANGLE OF AN “ETERNAL TRIANGLE” PLAY: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD (LEFT) AS YVONNE TAYLOR, THE SIREN; WITH MISS AURIOL LEE AS NAN COURTFIELD, IN

“THIS MARRIAGE,” AT THE COMEDY. for their mutual happiness, is lured away from her by a siren. The wife thereupon has a woman-to-woman talk with the siren; with results that must be left to the playgoer to discover.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]

WAGNER AND STRAUSS AT COVENT GARDEN: "RHEINGOLD"; "SALOME."

THE "TIMES" INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN WITH A TAYLOR-HOBSON-COKE LENS DURING THE PERFORMANCE.



IN THE GARDENS OF WALHALLA: ACT II. OF WAGNER'S "DAS RHEINGOLD"—(L. TO R.) FRICKA (MME. FÄRBER-STRASSER), FREIA (MME. NELLIE JAFFRAY) WITH HER BROTHER, THE TWO GIANTS, WOTAN (HERR FRIEDRICH SCHORR) AND ALBERICH (HERR EDUARD HABICH).



NOT GIVEN IN LONDON SINCE 1913: STRAUSS'S ONE-ACT OPERA, "SALOME"—THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS PERFORMED BY SALOME (MME. GÖTA LJUNGBERG, CENTRE) BEFORE HEROD (HERR WALTER KIRCHHOFF, LEFT) AND HERODIAS (MMÉ. MARIA OLCZEWSKA).

The grand opera season at Covent Garden, as noted in our issue of May 3, began with two weeks devoted almost entirely to Wagner, except for two performances of "Salome," the one-act opera composed by Strauss to the play by Oscar Wilde. Our photograph of "Das Rheingold," given on the opening night, shows the scene of Act II. in the gardens of Walhalla, the abode of the gods built by the giants Fasolt and Fafner. Having completed their task, they demand Freia, the goddess of love, as their reward, and carry her off despite the entreaties of the other immortals. Without her the flowers fade and die, the trees bear no fruit, and the gods themselves begin to grow old. Wherefore Wotan and Loki,

in order to bribe the giants to restore Freia, go in search of the treasure guarded in a cavern by Alberich and the dwarfs. "Salome" was first produced in England by Sir Thomas Beecham in 1910, and revived by him in 1913, since which date it had not been performed here until the production on May 11. Mme. Göta Ljungberg, the Swedish soprano, was excellent in the title-part both as singer, dancer, and actress, and Herr Kirchhoff made a fine Herod. In the Dance of the Seven Veils, Salome did not carry the "head" of John the Baptist, but only a platter covered with a blood-stained napkin, under which the head was imagined to be.

A REAL MEDIÆVAL FORTRESS AS A FILM SETTING: THE

SIEGE OF BEAUVAIS "TRANSPLANTED" TO CARCASSONNE.



THE OLD FRENCH CITY OF CARCASSONNE USED AS THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF BEAUVAIS, WHOSE OWN FORTIFICATIONS HAVE NOT SURVIVED: A FILM VERSION OF THE ASSAULT ON BEAUVAIS IN 1472 BY THE TROOPS OF CHARLES THE BOLD.



WHERE JEANNE HACHETTE (THE WOMAN DEFENDER OF BEAUVAIS) FEELS A BURGUNDIAN AS HE SCALES THE WALL, AND OTHERS ARE HURLED DOWN: THE ASSAULT FILMED AT CARCASSONNE.



MEDIEVAL ARTILLERY IN THE FILM REPRESENTATION OF THE SIEGE OF BEAUVAIS: A BATTERY OF DOUCHES-À-FEU IN POSITION BEFORE THE WALLS OF CARCASSONNE.



WHERE CHARLES THE BOLD (IMPERSONATED BY M. VANNI MARCOUX, OF THE PARIS OPERA) RIDES AT THE HEAD OF HIS KNIGHTS IN THE ATTACK ON BEAUVAIS: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FIGHT REALISTICALLY ENACTED FOR THE SCREEN AT CARCASSONNE.



WHERE EX-KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL AND HIS CONSORT TOOK PART IN RESCUING SOME OF THE FILM PERFORMERS INJURED IN THE BURNING OF A TOWER ROOF CAUSED BY A BONFIRE: A SCENE INSIDE THE RAMPARTS OF CARCASSONNE—DEFENDERS OF BEAUVAIS AWAITING THE ATTACK OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

The ancient fortified city of Carcassonne, in the South of France, the finest surviving example of a French mediæval fortress, was recently the scene of a unique event, a dramatic representation of the siege of Beauvais in 1472, for the first of a series of films dealing with famous incidents in the history of France. Carcassonne was chosen for the purpose, as Beauvais itself no longer possesses its old fortifications. Many picturesque settings have been built artificially for film spectacles, but none of them could compare in realism with the great walls and towers of Carcassonne. "The Idea," says a French writer, "originated with the French Society for the Filming of Historical Romances, composed of various people famous in literature and the arts, with the object of showing on the screen, in a series of eighteen films, the history of France from Louis XI. to our own day. The first one, covering the reign of Louis XI., was adapted from an unpublished romance by M. Henry Dupuy-Mazuel, entitled 'The Miracle of the Wolves.' The period was one when France, ravaged by the Hundred Years War, was a prey to wolves and to great feudal lords. The most redoubtable of these, Charles the Bold,

Duke of Burgundy, was impersonated by that fine actor, M. Vanni Marcoux, who rode in silver armour at the head of his men-at-arms, as they rushed to the assault of the walls, carrying long scaling ladders, and brandishing swords, spears, and bucklers. Charles was defeated, and was obliged to retreat from the city." The heroine of the defence was Jeanne Hachette, who was impersonated by Mme. Yvonne Sergy. In addition to 500 film actors, the French Army provided some 1500 men, who exchanged "horizon blue" for mediæval costume, and took part in the battle. "The Miracle of the Wolves" will shortly be shown throughout the world, and will be followed by other historical films enacted either on the original scene of the events they recall, or at such places as best represent their character. "Thus the cinematograph (to quote the same writer) will be called on to assume the rôle of education and propaganda that is too often neglected for mere amusement." During the "siege" at Carcassonne a bonfire used for the film set fire to the roof of an old tower, the roof collapsed, and some of the performers were severely burned. Ex-King Manuel of Portugal and his consort helped in the work of rescue.

THE SLUGGARD'S WARNING: THE ANT—COW-KEEPER AND AGRICULTURIST.

"GO TO THE ANT." By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.*

COULD they live again and know, those ants of the Tertiary Period who are captives in the amber from the resentful pines that trapped their hooked and piercing feet and buried them in the beauties of resin, would hasten with pride in their port, conscious that they were ancestors worthy of worship by the five thousand or so of those descendant species whose social habits and ingenious works have been exalted as examples to Man, have tempted and tried observers of all times, have yielded up amazing secrets of organisation and efficiency, and have excited in greater degree, perhaps, than any others the rivalry of Instinct and Intelligence. More: have they not given being to "quotations" uncountable as those of "Hamlet"; especially that from Proverbs: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest?"

For the purposes of this page, let us ignore many phases. Let us leave to the book the mysteries of the egg, the grub, the chrysalis, and the adult; the protection of the young and its nourishment; the classes of the females and the males, and the pairing in the air. Let us pass the hidden, galleried nests below and above ground; the homes in decaying trees, in oak galls, in hollow stems and branches, in leaves "sewn" together with "silk" from the glands of the larva of the "Spinner," and on other attractive sites; recalling but the most curious, the temporary "house" that was of living Hook-jawed ants.

Let us but note the lengthy tunnels and walled roads of the Drivers and the Legionaries, the well-trodden, clean highways of the Leaf-cutters and of the Harvesting Ant of Texas, the clearings of the Agricultural Ant, who cuts down the grass about its nest and radiates paths from it; but wonder at the precision of migrating hordes; at Plantation Drivers which march twelve or fourteen abreast in Southern Rhodesia, margined on each side by a line of "grenadier-sized" guards, each facing outwards with great uplifted mandibles, or patrolling about on the flanks"; at ants clinging to one another to make a palpitating bridge for their fellows; at Chasseur Ants killing rats and mice; at the American *Colobopsis*, which have "soldiers" with peculiarly formed heads "used for stopping entrance holes in hollow stems inhabited by the ant," officials who "appear to be always on duty guarding the doorways, and only remove their stopper heads to admit a worker on receiving the proper pass-sign given by means of appropriate strokes from the worker's antennæ"; and marvel at the biting power of the Brazilian Leaf-cutter: "When a patient is brought . . . suffering from wounds, the native surgeons catch a few of the huge soldiers, and, holding the edges of the wound close together, induce a soldier ant to close its jaws in them; it is then decapitated. A number of these "stitches" are put in, according to the length of the wound, and they remain firmly locked until the wound is healed fully."

Let us leave these things and turn to the ever-popular "cows" and "slaves" kept by ants; and to that capacity for providing meat and for storing which gave Solomon his text.

First the cow; the aphis, the greenly of our gardens. Various species of ants shepherd them, that they may draw for their nourishment the honeydew "milk" whose flow they start by titillation with the antennæ. *Acanthomyops* is typical. "They feed the larvæ mainly with fluid food from their own crops, but this is varied with insect meat and eggs of their own kind. They make a leading feature of aphis farming, building earthen byres for their protection, and collect their eggs before winter that there may be no dearth of greenly next year. In spring the young aphids from these eggs are carefully set out on the plants appropriate for their food that are in proximity to the nest. The gardener, puzzled by the sudden appearance of thick clusters of greenly on plants that were clean yesterday, ascribes the visitation to a peculiar meteorological condition which he calls a blight, and never suspects the agency of ants."

* "Go to the Ant." By Edward Step, F.L.S., Author of "Insect Artisans," "Messmates," "British Insect Life," etc. With Illustrations. (Hutchinson and Co.; 18s. net.)

In like manner, though not so thoroughly, ants befriend Scale Insects, Psyllids, Snowy Fly, Treehoppers, and Frog-hoppers, all of whom suck the juices of plants and give off the surplus of sweet secretion. In many parts, too, the caterpillars of the Blue butterflies—the family *Lycenidae*—are found attractive. "When such Blue caterpillars are feeding, the ants watch over them and guard them from molestation, in some cases taking them into their nests," in order to "milk" the gland on the upper side of the eleventh of the body rings.

Next, the "slaves" and the camp-followers; the former far less bondswomen and bondsmen than adopted children or respected family servants; the latter tolerated for purely business reasons or in sheer

occasion requires, new galleries, and fulfilling the duties of sentinels, by guarding the exterior of their common abode, not once suspecting that they live with those very insects who have expatriated them." In fact, "the Amazons are a lazy race; they act as guests in a hotel where everything is done for them."

So to food-supply and storage. Ants, according to their species, are carnivorous, graminivorous, or both. The Turf Ant stores the seeds of grasses and several other plants; so do others—to justify King Solomon, after many years!—and these embrace those who not only keep in granaries and husk, but bring their grain to the surface when the weather is propitious, there to dry it and prevent the possibility of the germination that others encourage as converting

into sugar the indigestible starch of the seeds. Animal food is also in the larders—and "mushrooms" and honey.

The "mushroom"-growers yield a traveller's tale—that is true. It began with curiosity as to the purpose of the Leaf-cutter's booty. Some asserted that the leaves were for thatching; others that they were for eating. Then Belt wrote: "I believe the real use [the ants] make of them is a manure, on which grows a minute species of fungus, on which they feed; that they are, in reality, mushroom-growers and eaters." His theory was substantiated by others. "Belt found that the ants do not confine their gatherings to leaves for the composition of their mushroom beds: anything of a vegetable nature seemed to serve their purpose. . . . Moeller studied several of the Brazilian species, and added considerably to our knowledge. . . . He found that the growth of the fungus was entirely under control; that it was, in fact, real cultivation, not a mere matter of taking advantage of an adventitious growth. . . . In all cases, the culture was a pure one, only one species of fungus being permitted to grow. . . . The Leaf-cutting ants prepare their fungus beds by finely dividing the leaves and spreading the pulp out in the prepared chamber. . . . The question will arise, probably, in the mind of the reader—whence do the ants obtain their 'mushroom spawn' for the inoculation of the beds of a newly established community? It has been found that the young mother of the new colony of *Atta sendens*, when she leaves the old home, takes with her a portion of her last meal tucked away in a little open pocket that ants have under the mouth (the infra-buccal cavity). This is added to the new fungus bed, which some observers have stated she makes by crushing some of her own eggs. Later, she manures the bed with her excrement. Her first batch of larvae are fed with eggs. Another of these fungus-farmers (*Cyphomyrmex rimosus*) was found by Wheeler to make its culture beds of caterpillar excrement, which was collected by the workers. The fungus produced is different from that which grows on the leaf material."

Equally strange are the tactics of the Honey Ants, the bodies of some of whose workers serve as receptacles for a sweet fluid upon which the community is fed, in part at least. In the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, Dr. H. C. M. Cook came across a honey-chamber in an ants' nest. "To the roof . . . cling a number of ants with hind bodies so greatly distended that they look like currants of a pellucid amber tint. These honey-bearers, or repletes, are considered to be workers-major who have been set apart on their emergence from the pupa to receive the honey-dew collected by workers-minor and regurgitated into the mouths of the repletes, who retain it in their distended crops until it is needed by the community. . . . These repletes appear to be consecrated, as it were, to this function before their integuments have hardened, such excessive dilatation would be impossible."

The replete is a living "honey-tub," holding the sweet fluid gathered by those who work by night, sucking the exudations from the small brownish-red galls of the dwarf oak, and from aphids and coccids.

What more need be quoted to prove that the ants, in "different conditions of life, curiously answering to the earlier stages of human progress"—the predatory and hunting, the pastoral and the agricultural—have been responsible for a new book of intense interest, an entertaining record of compilation and observation?

E. H. G.



WITH CONE-SHAPED ENTRANCE TO THE NEST: THE HOME OF AGRICULTURAL ANTS AND ITS ROADWAYS.

The cone-shaped entrance is dictated by local conditions. "On the usual black soil the disc is flat with an opening to the nest in the centre; on sandy soil the disc becomes a rounded mound or a steep-sided cone"—a dump of sand or gravelly pebbles not readily scattered, as is the black earth.

desperation at parasitism. The Amazon Ant is a kidnapper of the first order, representative of those species which raid nests systematically and carry off larvæ and pupæ, principally to be matured and



INSECT-MADE ROADS AND THE CLEARING ROUND THE NEST AND ITS CIRCULAR ENTRANCE: THE GRASS-CUTTING OF THE AGRICULTURAL ANT.

The ants make the clearing by cutting down the grass-plants. "This is chiefly effected by the workers-major, who with their mandibles cut the plant above the root-stalk and drag off the weakened blades and stalks by twisting and pulling. In this way they clear a space that may be from seven to twelve feet in diameter; and from it radiate three or four (sometimes as many as seven) hard level roads running into the dense grass whence the Harvesters derive their stores of grain. Over the cleared discs are circular openings to the underground galleries of the ants: openings one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter."

Reproductions from "Go to the Ant," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

employed—for none but workers are selected. Take the Negro Ants as the victims. "Do they afterwards become house-stewards and auxiliaries to the warlike tribe with whom they are associated?" asks Huber. "Every circumstance seems to prove that here rests the great mystery of their association with the Amazons: brought up in a strange nation, not only do they live amicably with their captors, but bestow the greatest care upon their larvæ and pupæ, their males and females, and even evince the same regard for them, transporting them from one part of the ant-hill to another, going in search of provisions for them, building their habitation; forming, as

NOTABLE PERSONALITIES: INTERESTING PORTRAITS AT THE ACADEMY.

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1. "SIR MILES MATTINSON, K.C." BY SIR LUKE FILDES, R.A.
A PRESENTATION PORTRAIT.

2. "JEUNESSE." BY JOHN A. M. HAY.



3. "JANE XXIV." BY GERALD KELLY, A.R.A.



4. "SIR VINCENT CAILLARD." BY MRS. LOUIE BURRELL.

Sir Miles Mattinson, whose portrait at the Academy is a fine example of the work of Sir Luke Fildes, is a well-known lawyer, magistrate, and politician. He is a son of Mr. Thomas Mattinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and received his legal training at Gray's Inn. After winning the Bacon Scholarship, a first-class studentship, and certificate of honour, he was called to the Bar in 1877, and has since practised on the Northern Circuit. From 1886 to 1922, when he was knighted, he was Recorder of Blackburn. In 1880 he contested Carlisle, as a Conservative, and the Dumfries Burghs in 1885-6. From 1888 to 1892 he was M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, and in 1910 he contested Bolton. He is the author of "The Law of Corrupt Practices at Elections," and "Selection of Precedents in

Pleading."—Sir Vincent Caillard is a Director of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., and of the Southern Railway, and in 1919 was President of the Federation of British Industries. His maternal grandmother was a first cousin of Lord Beaconsfield. As a young man he took a commission in the Royal Engineers, and did valuable political work in Montenegro and Epirus. In the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 he served on the headquarters staff. Later he was President of the Ottoman Public Debt Council and Financial Representative in Constantinople. He has written much and has set to music Blake's "Songs of Innocence."—The title of Mr. Gerald Kelly's picture recalls that last year he exhibited "Jane XXIII," a portrait of his wife.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AMONG the new biographies, one, in rather unusual form, has given me extraordinary enjoyment. For that there are several reasons, some of which will appeal to all readers who care for sporting books; while others are purely personal and private. The general appeal is to those who wish to learn all that is to be known about a writer who is, in his own vein, undeniably a classic. The personal appeal in my case lies in the revival of old memories and literary friendships. Apart from anything in the text, the name of the biographer or editor (he is both) carries with it pleasant associations of too personal a kind to be entered into here. Let these pass with a friendly wave of the hand to former times and dispensations. But, on the other points here hinted at, no such reticence need be practised. These questions are common property.

The book takes me back, in particular, to another book, an odd volume enough, that used to entertain my boyhood; although, truth to tell, when I read it first, the full flavour of its humour was a little beyond me. Much was lost, but the hero did not miss the mark. With a carelessness not uncommon to schoolboys, however. I believe I paid no attention to the author's name, which did not attach itself to my memories of the story until long after. But the rollicking adventure of the tale, its queer people and queer hero, not to mention Leech's illustrations in colour (some of them printed, by the way, sadly out of register, of which more later), made an indelible impression on a youngster who failed to realise that he owed his entertainment to Robert Smith Surtees.

Surtees, creator of the immortal Jorrocks, needs no introduction, but fuller information about his life and works will be welcomed wherever his name is known, and the circle of his acquaintance is now likely to be widely extended. For here we have "ROBERT SMITH SURTEES," by Himself and E. D. Cuming (Blackwood; 15s.), a work as genial as its subject, containing all that is to be known about the writer of those picaresque sporting stories which offer such an inimitable picture of certain phases of English life during the first half of last century.

Surtees, of Hamsterley Hall, in Durham, came of an old county family, but particulars of his early years are "wropt in mistry." Mr. Cuming does not give the precise date of his birth; but the year at least is known—1803. Luckily, he was a man of leisure, otherwise we might never have had so long a Surtees bookshelf as he has left for the solace and diversion of mankind, for his earlier works had at first but little success. The "Jaunts and Jollities," Mr. Cuming tells us, never had a fair chance, owing to a dispute between the printer and the publisher. "Hillingdon Hall" did not win favour; the first three-volume edition of "Handley Cross" sold off only by degrees; and "Hawbuck Grange" was a failure. It was not until "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour" made its appearance that Surtees captured the public, and secured recognition for Sponge's predecessors.

This information is particularly pleasing to the present writer, for it was not immortal Jorrocks that first won his young fancy, but the not altogether admirable yet still delightful Soapey Sponge, so clever at getting into country houses, and so hard to eject from these hospitable halls, where he had a genius for outstaying his welcome. But chiefly do I rejoice in this biography, because Mr. Cuming has enlightened me on an oddly amusing point of information. Mr. Sponge was not what his contemporaries would have called "a literary character," but you remember what an assiduous reader he was. He was a man of one book, which, on days when the weather made hunting impossible, he read diligently at the fireside. And that book was "Mogg's Cab-fares." I think that no book in the world has given me such visions of the ludicrous-romantic as that precious work. I never went in search of it, fearing, perhaps, a descent to the chillingly material. In fact, I had half a hope (I am no bibliographer) that it might be merely an ingenious invention of the author's, for it seemed hardly possible that the eternal fitness of things should have ordained that a work on Cab-fares should be written or compiled by one Mogg, name of such singular appropriateness. In itself it would fit the old-fashioned Cabby, now, alas! extinct.

Now all is known, and the subsidence into cold fact has not brought serious disillusion. On the contrary, it is rather pleasing to learn that Mogg's Christian name was Edward. He was the successor to Paterson, the Bradshaw of the coaching age. Other useful handbooks bear his name, but "the publication which afforded such abiding solace to Soapey Sponge was Mogg's 'Omnibus and Metropolitan Carriage Time-Table, Hackney Coach and Cabriolet Fares' . . . A glance at its useful but uninspiring pages betrays the estimate Surtees would have his readers form of Soapey's mental equipment."

The first part of the book contains Surtees' own biographical notes, which have hitherto lain in MSS. These the editor has amplified in the remaining and rather larger portion of the volume. As a picture of a period, both parts are invaluable. Surtees takes us back to his early school-days, and to an establishment in the North of England, which, although evidently humane, is not altogether unlike Dotheboys Hall in the primitiveness of some

of its arrangements. He lets us see the London of 1825, and the Brighton of 1829, as Brighton and its exclusive Society appeared to a hunting man. "If you didn't belong to the 'Set' you couldn't get in."

Surtees was a citizen of the world. He went about seeing what he could. Curiosity took him to Newgate on a fine bright morning in June 1825, to see Probert, the accomplice of Thurtell and Hunt, turned off. Probert was not hanged for the Gill's Hill murder, for he had become King's evidence at the trial, but next year a feat of horse-stealing brought him to the gallows. Surtees' account of the execution is a vivid but unsensational piece of writing. The whole thing seems plain matter of fact. The crowd was small and unmoved; Calcraft did his work in a businesslike way, but more deliberately than would be approved of nowadays. He had, however, to wait on four unfortunate gentlemen at once. Surtees' story makes an interesting pendant to George Borrow's account, in "The Romany Rye," of Thurtell's exit at Hertford.

To turn from the gruesome, which is really foreign to Surtees' healthy and breezy pages. The book is full of interesting anecdotes of sportsmen and writers. Although Surtees is careful not to identify the originals of his characters, he gives pleasant glimpses of his correspondence with his friends. Of these Thackeray was among the intimate.

Man and his Work (15s.), by J. Lewis May, a study of M. France in all his aspects and attributes. There is a brilliant short sketch of his life, followed by an account of his work as a novelist, short-story teller, historian, philosopher, critic and stylist. There is no heading "the poet," but that is implicit in the whole range of the writings. Mr. May hits the mark exactly when he says, with unnecessary diffidence, that—

The Anatole France who will outlive the rest, who will, indeed, endure as long as literature continues to interest mankind, is Anatole France the poet. In saying this I am not, of course, referring only, or even principally, to his metrical compositions, but to that large body of his work, which, though prose in form, is poetic in inspiration, and seems to recall by its subtle cadences that haunting Virgilian music which has ever affected him so profoundly and which he has praised so often and so well.

This is very well said, for the undertone of M. France's work is quintessentially Virgilian. No other epithet can suggest its rare and elusive flavour so accurately. To convey this in translation may be a hard task, but there are passages in the Bodley Head English versions where even an alien tongue cannot altogether disguise the music of the original. No one who has followed the English series can afford to neglect this able biographical sketch, which will be welcomed also by readers to whom the French is not a sealed book.

From the biographies and works of two writers so different, yet so representative of their respective times and countries in certain phases, the transition to current English fiction has some piquancy of contrast. For the most part our novels of to-day have neither the unsophisticated robustness of Surtees, nor the delicate scholarly sophistication and literary antiquarianism of Anatole France. They have, however, robustness of the sort known as "punch." The cry is for more and more "punch" and "pep," of which the end will be chaos. The fine old ambling tale, or the beautifully wrought reflective piece of work, may not have given the reader the shocks or the momentary sharp stimulus that is now considered indispensable, but it had a plaguey way of lasting. Too many current novels are nothing more than cocaine in print.

But there are exceptions. A first novel, not at all dull, but intensely engrossing, describes the spiritual experience of an average man, and has made an impression likely to endure. This is "HARBOTTLE," by John Hargrave (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), an author who seems to promise future good things. It is entirely a story of the present day, and reflects much of the prevailing mental unrest and the strange nostrums to which disquieted humanity resorts in hope of cure. Harbottle was formerly a journalist, a good, easy man who took life very much as it came, and had no great concern for an explanation of the universe.

But the war, and the loss of his sons, shook Harbottle out of himself, and he went on a Pilgrim's Progress seeking certainty. This led him to try many faiths and experimental beliefs by way of finding a solution. He had on his journey a further trial in a matrimonial complication, and on his own account he came up against what seemed to be a real passion. It may not have led anywhere, but Harbottle's pilgrimage, as far as it goes, is a very moving and human story, excellently written. If we are to have problems, this is as good a problem as any. And it is original in treatment.

A very old problem in a new presentation occurs in Miss E. M. Delafield's "A MESSALINA OF THE SUBURBS" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), the principal story of a small series illustrating various phases of feminine temperament. Perhaps Messalina is too grandiose a name for poor little Elsie Palmer, whose transgressions, if the same in kind as the notorious Empress's, would hardly have inspired a Juvenal. In former books, Miss Delafield has pleaded with greater persuasion for the enlightenment of young people upon the central facts of life. Here she shows a terrible end to ignorance—an end which, happily, must be exceptional. And just because it is exceptional it makes a less sure appeal.

The story is an excellent example of the limits of fact in fiction. A notorious case of the criminal courts has been used as plot with little alteration and certainly no disguise. Consequently, the reader's attention is divided between fact and fiction, and he is never able to come under the spell of that perfect illusion which is the life of the novel. This is unfortunate, for Miss Delafield has an uncommon gift of creating characters that live. Here her great talent, though still apparent, is unfairly handicapped by the obtrusive memory of two ill-fated creatures about whom too much has been said already. The sensationalists seem determined to parody the sentence of the Law and doom the pair to a shameful immortality.

When and how shall we escape from this prevailing unpleasantness that hangs like a miasma over the fiction of to-day? It is very difficult to find novels that do not either depress one hopelessly or leave a nasty taste in the mouth. Perhaps some antidote will be found in "THE HOUSE OF BROKEN DREAMS," by Christine Jope-Slade (Nisbet; 7s. 6d.), a story (witty, pleasing, and with a touch of satire, but satire that is never cruel) about a house of refuge for tired hearts and broken dreams.

In order to give our readers some guide to the popular books of the moment, we have arranged for the Manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Library Department to supply us each week with a list of the works most in demand at that library.

A charming letter, reproduced in facsimile, conveys W. M. T.'s grateful appreciation of "the last two numbers of Soapey Sponge." Mr. Cuming has given us a work that is like a new volume of Surtees—a book that will delight old devotees of that author and win him new admirers.

By the way, I promised to say something about the printing of the illustrations in the Surtees novels, and their occasionally faulty register; but Mr. Cuming will tell you all that when you read his excellent book. He will also explain the accident, and show how sorely it worried John Leech's artistic soul.

There is among the new books another biography that is sure of wide appreciation—far wider, in fact, than it would have commanded some fifteen years ago in this country, for the subject is the most distinguished of living French authors, and British interest in foreign literature has insular limits. But Mr. John Lane's excellent series of translations of the works of M. Anatole France has given M. France a British public; it might almost be said that he has become an English author. That great wit and sly humourist might see a chance here for one of his delightful strokes of sub-acid comment, without prejudice either to his British admirers or to his own friendship for this country. The quip, if made at all, certainly would not be misunderstood, for the quality of his jests is now appreciated in its essence by English readers, thanks again, in large measure, to the manner in which he has been interpreted to a nation not strong in other tongues than its own.

As an admirable companion to the translations, the Bodley Head has just issued "ANATOLE FRANCE," the

FROM THE SPRING SALON:
MODERN FRENCH ART.

"PORTRAIT OF MADELEINE" ("PORTRAIT DE MADELEINE");
BY P. ALBERT LAURENS.



"THE DIP" ("LA BAIGNADE"); BY EMILIAN VICTOR
BARTHÉLEMY.



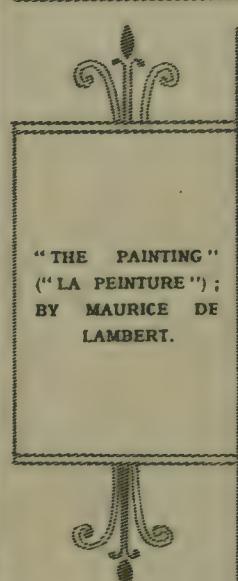
"THE TUNISIAN BARQUE" ("LA BARCASSE—TUNISIE"); BY ANDRÉ
DUHEM.



"NICE—LA PLACE SAINTE-CLAIRE"; BY CHARLES
MARTIN-SAUVAIGO.



"THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE DOLL" ("LA FILLETTE
À LA POUPEE"); BY RENÉ MARIE LÉON DEVILLARIO.



"THE PAINTING"
("LA PEINTURE");
BY MAURICE DE
LAMBERT.



The Spring Salon—that is to say, the combined Exhibition of the Société des Artistes Français and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts—is now in progress in Paris, and may be regarded as the French equivalent of our Royal Academy, although there is yet another "Salon" (that of the Tuilleries), which opens in June and has nothing to do with the Salon proper. The

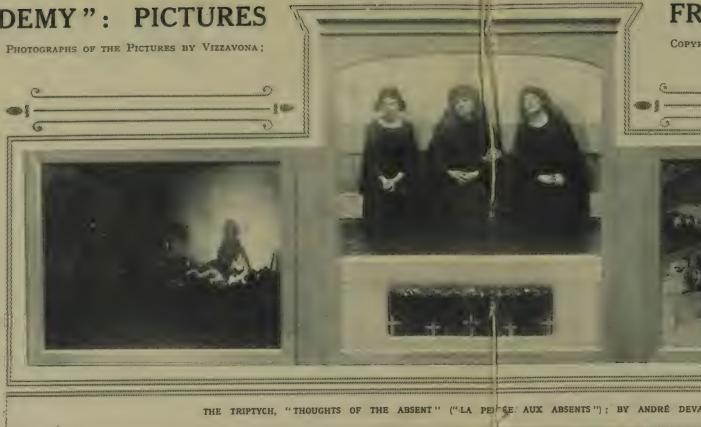
reproductions on our page show some charming portraits and subject-pictures exhibited at the Grand Palais this year. They are all selected from the works of art shown by the Société des Artistes Français, with the exception of the portrait by Maurice de Lambert, entitled, "La Peinture," which is one of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts' group.

THE FRENCH "ROYAL ACADEMY": PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PICTURES BY VIZZAVONA;



"THE PERFUME-BURNER" ("LE BRULE-PARFUMS"); BY ELIZABETH SONREL.



THE TRIPTYCH, "THOUGHTS OF THE ABSENT" ("LA PENSEE AUX ABSENTS"); BY ANDRÉ DEVAMBEZ.



"CORSICAN WOMEN AT A SPRING" ("FEMMES CORSES A LA FONTAINE"); BY LÉON CHARLES CANNICCIOLI.



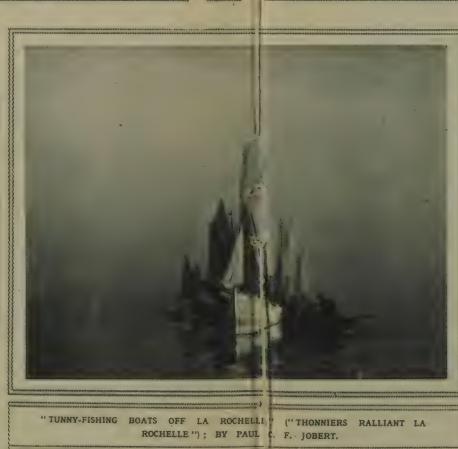
"THE STORY-TELLER—MARRAKESH" ("LE CONTEUR—MARRAKECH"); BY JOSEPH FÉLIX BOUCHOR.



"BLACK BUTTERFLIES" ("PAPILLONS NOIRS"); BY ANNE FAURE.



"SUNDAY" ("DIMANCHE"); BY HENRI DABADIE.



"TUNNY-FISHING BOATS OFF LA ROCHELLE ROCHELLE"); BY PAUL F. JOBERT.

FROM THE TWO-SALONS-IN-ONE IN PARIS.

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Our pages show a selection of pictures exhibited at the second combined Exhibition of the Société des Artistes Français and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which is now being held at the Grand Palais, and is the French parallel to our Royal Academy. The Société des Artistes Français is the slightly more Academic of the combined pair, and seven out of the eight pictures reproduced on our pages are selected from this group, the study of Alsatian peasant women



"ALSATIAN PEASANTS AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL" ("PAYSANNES ALSACIENNES—SCÈNE DE PROCESSION"); BY FERNAND SCHULTE-WETTEL.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE VANISHING LAPWING.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

CONSIDERABLE controversy has been going on of late in the Press as to the status of the lapwing, which, it is urged, is in danger of extermination; at least, so far as our native, home-bred birds are concerned. For we must distinguish between these and the very considerable flocks which come to us for the winter. This is an extremely important point to remember when estimates as to the numbers of this species are being made. When this census is taken during the winter months, it may, indeed, seem that all is well. But it cannot be said that the prospect is as reassuring if the survey is delayed until these visitants have departed, leaving fields and fallows to the rightful owners of the land—the birds bred and born here. These form our only breeding stock. If they are wiped out there will be no more to fill their place. And this because the winter visitants return to the land of their birth for the purposes of procreation.

Those of us who are taking alarm hold that there is a diminution in the numbers of our home-bred birds. Every year I drive many thousands of miles along our highways and byways, and it has been a source of grief to me to note the decline of this most fascinating and most useful bird. Not even during the winter months do I seem to see so many as I did a few years ago. This shortage, we claim, is largely due to the strenuously active efforts to collect every "plover's egg" (Fig. 1) that can be found, to furnish a quite unnecessary dinner-table luxury. I saw a big basketful so late as May 5 which could be bought for sixpence apiece; but for the earliest on the market as many and more shillings will be cheerfully paid. Their very costliness, indeed, to many, makes them the more delectable. The demand for these eggs is so imperious that it would be impossible to meet it, but for the fact that an appreciable number of the "plover's eggs" sold in the shops are really those of the black-headed gull. But the source of supply of genuine lapwing's eggs is further augmented by supplies from Holland. What is happening there I do not know, but I am going to take the trouble to find out, from ornithological friends there, whether they have like cause for anxiety.

Those who defend the practice of taking these eggs not only deny any diminution in the numbers of our breeding birds, but they even contend that the practice of taking the eggs is really beneficial to the species. They claim that the earliest eggs have no chance of hatching (Fig. 2), since, owing to the lack of cover, they are unduly exposed to the inclemency of the weather and the attacks of crows, who are great egg-stealers. That there is truth in this will be readily admitted. Laying begins at the end of March; these eggs might perhaps be set aside for the gourmet. But no eggs

week in May they are still openly exposed for sale. This is folly!

It is idle to say, "People will have them—what are we to do?" When, as a breeding bird, the



FIG. 1.—"A QUITE UNNECESSARY DINNER-TABLE LUXURY," THE DEMAND FOR WHICH TENDS TO EXTERMINATE A USEFUL BIRD: LAPWING'S EGGS. The eggs of the Lapwing, as with all the Plover tribe, have a quite characteristic pear shape. They also vary much in their coloration.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE LONGER PRIMARIES THAT DISTINGUISH THE WINGS OF THE MALE BIRD: TWO LAPWINGS IN FLIGHT.

The male Lapwing may be distinguished during flight by the greater length of its primaries—the outermost quill feathers, giving to that part of the wing a rounded outline wanting in the female.

From Pycraft's "Birds in Flight."

lapwing has ceased to exist, they will wail for a season at the feasts of other days, and turn to the exploitation of some other bird. This is no mere fanciful picture, as a little retrospection will show. Time was when the ruffs and reeves of our fen-lands were snared in hundreds, kept in pens, and fattened for the tables of the luxurious. And the same is true of Sussex wheatears. Where are they now? "At harvest time," Gilbert White remarks, of the wheatear, "they appeared on the tables of all the gentry that entertained with any degree of elegance"! One thousand eight hundred dozens annually were caught in snares by the Sussex shepherds, to furnish this "elegance." I drove for miles along the Sussex downs last week, and saw—one! I am quite aware that the wheatear is still to be seen in fair numbers in suitable localities, and I am also aware that other factors have had a share in the reduction of its numbers; nevertheless, we are suffering from the orgies of a past generation. But the breeding of the ruff in the British Islands is now a thing of the past.

FIG. 3.—HOW THE GOURMET CAN DISTINGUISH A DECEPTION: BREASTBONES OF A LAPWING (LEFT) AND GOLDEN PLOVER (RIGHT) WITH DIFFERENT ENDS. The breastbone of the Lapwing (often offered to the gourmet as Golden Plover) has a pair of holes and a pair of notches at its hinder end. That of the Golden Plover (right) has two pairs of deep notches.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

ought to be exposed for sale after the end of the first week in April, for the bulk are laid during the first half of this month. Yet at the end of the first

The Labrador duck was once plentiful enough, and was eaten largely with other wild-fowl in North America. But suddenly the supply failed. Then ornithologists sought an explanation of this failure, and found, to their dismay, that the bird had been absolutely wiped out! About thirty-eight specimens are all that now remain—in our museums. Is the lapwing to share this fate? Since it is harassed quite as much on the Continent as with us, unless something be done it certainly will. But to secure adequate protection for this bird will be no easy task, for a surprising number of people, who should know better, seem to share the view of one writer to the Press who described efforts to protect this bird as "tomfoolery"! And this on the ground that from time immemorial "plover's eggs" had found their way into the market in abundance, and still supplies were forthcoming. Fatuous arguments of this kind are deplorable.

Let us look at a few facts. The normal clutch, in the case of the lapwing, is four, and occasionally five, eggs. But on second or third layings this number is commonly less than four (Fig. 2). Why? Because the bird is feeling the strain of enforced reproduction. And this strain affects not only the number of eggs, but their fertility, and the stamina of the young produced therefrom. This is a matter of eugenics. Such persistent nest-robbing, then, can have but one inevitable end, aggravating, as it does, an inevitable loss of eggs through changed methods of agriculture.

No bird serves the farmer so well as the lapwing; and if only on this account it should be adequately protected. In the spring we exhaust its vitality; in the autumn we slay the survivors—again to supply the tables of the luxurious. Plovers are a delicacy. Those who eat them imagine they are eating the more succulent and smaller golden plover. To conceal the deception, before these birds appear on the tables of our restaurants the feet are cut off, lest the better-informed diners should note the fact that, since their golden plover has a hind-toe, it is really a lapwing. But the substitution can still be detected, for the end of the breast-bone in the two species is distinctive, since in the lapwing it terminates in a pair of holes flanked on each side by a deep notch. In the smaller golden plover there are two pairs of deep notches (Fig. 3).

There is another peculiar feature of the lapwing that is worth mention. The wings of the male, when extended, differ conspicuously from those of the female in having longer primaries (Fig. 4), so that they give to this area of the wing a markedly rounded outline, which is wanting in the female. In the matter of their coloration there is practically no differences between the sexes; but the male has a longer crest.



FIG. 2.—A VICTIM OF "PERSISTENT NEST-ROBBING": A FEMALE LAPWING ABOUT TO SETTLE DOWN ON HER EGGS.

The bird is seen opening out her breast feathers for the purpose of covering the eggs.

From Pycraft's "History of Birds."

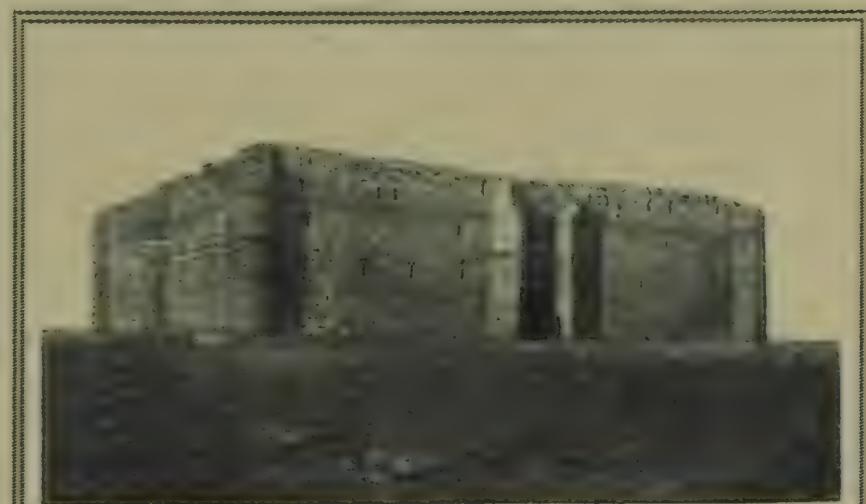
at least during the breeding season, when both sexes have a black throat, which after the autumn moult is white.

AN ARAB STATE CRITICISED IN THE LORDS: TRANSJORDANIA.

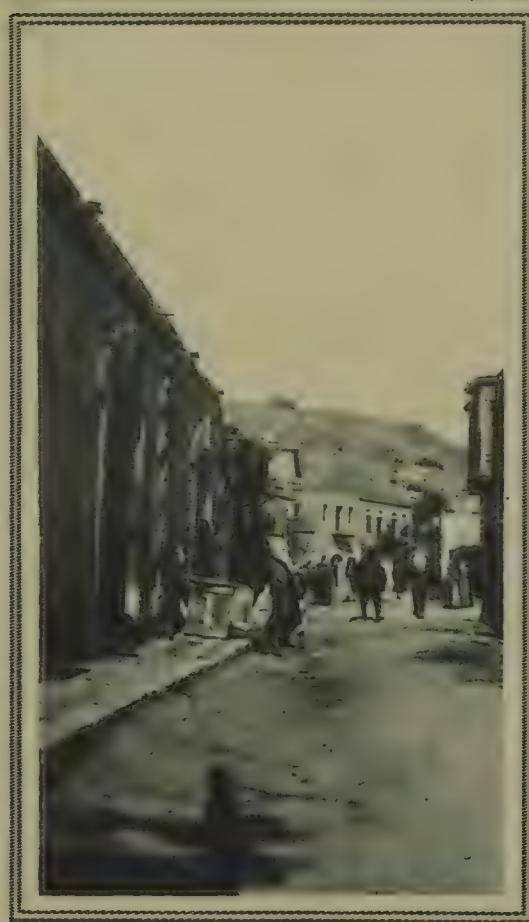
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. H. ST. J. B. PHILBY.



A MEDIEVAL EUROPEAN STRONGHOLD IN ASIA MINOR: THE CRUSADERS' CASTLE AT KERAK, IN TRANSJORDANIA.



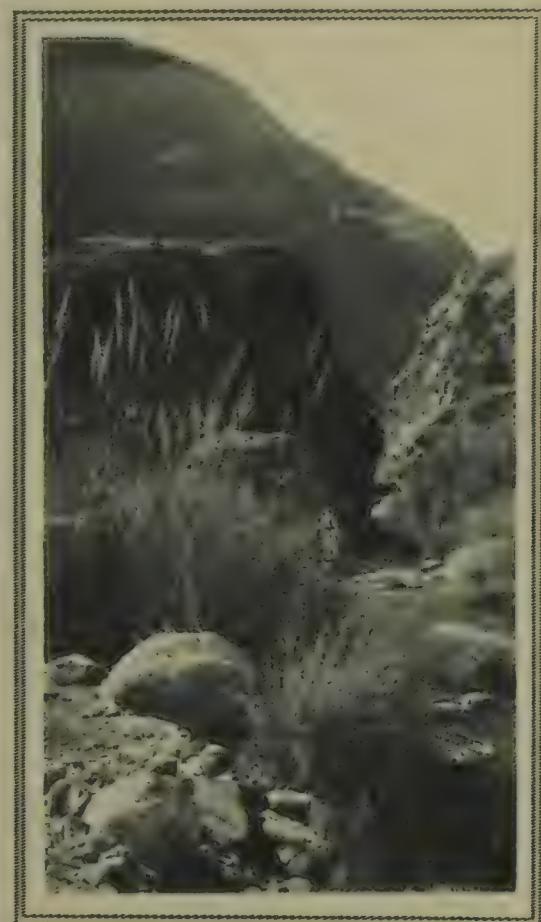
IN THE DESERT EAST OF AMMAN, THE CAPITAL OF TRANSJORDANIA: A MEDIEVAL HUNTING-BOX OF THE GHASSANID PERIOD.



THE EMIR ABDULLAH'S CAPITAL CITY: AMMAN—THE MAIN STREET, WITH THE CITADEL HILL BEYOND.



A BYZANTINE BELFRY TOWER: AN INTERESTING RUIN IN THE WILDS OF TRANSJORDANIA.



HEROD'S BATHS: A NATURAL HOT-WATER FALL IN THE VALLEY OF BETH MEON, NEAR THE DEAD SEA.



MODERN MEANS OF COMMUNICATION IN A COUNTRY WHERE THE DESERT MOTOR ROUTE BRINGS BAGHDAD WITHIN TEN DAYS OF LONDON: THE RAILWAY STATION AT AMMAN.



SOUTH OF THE LAND WHERE BEDOUIN RAIDS INTO PALESTINE HAVE CEASED UNDER THE EMIR ABDULLAH: AN ARAB (SARACEN) FORT FIVE MILES INLAND FROM THE RED SEA PORT OF WEJH.

The Arab administration of Transjordania, set up in 1921 under the Emir Abdullah, a son of King Hussein of the Hedjaz, was strongly criticised recently by Lord Raglan in the House of Lords. He described the Emir's government as "tyrannical, extravagant, inefficient, and generally unpopular." In reply, Lord Arnold, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, contended that there was no warrant for such language, although he could not say that there was no room for improvement or no discontent. He pointed out two very distinct advantages resulting from the Emir's rule. One was that the Bedouin raids from Transjordania into Palestine, formerly frequent, had practically ceased. The other was that the

safety of the trans-desert route starting from Amman had been maintained, and that the fortnightly mail service by this route, which had been carried on without a hitch for over 2½ years, had brought London within ten days of Baghdad. Lord Arnold added that the present régime was necessarily experimental, and that the British Government hoped shortly to enter into friendly discussion with the Emir with a view to effecting reforms. It may be recalled that King Hussein visited his son at Amman during his tour last January, an occasion that stirred enthusiasm for the movement towards Arabian unity, of which King Hussein himself is acknowledged to be the leader.

ANIMAL "DEMPSEYS" AND "CARPENTIERS": FOUR-FOOTED COMBATANTS.

UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY I.P.M.



INDICATING WHY THE "BATTERING-RAM" IS SO CALLED: A HEAD-ON COLLISION BETWEEN TWO RAMS—AN ORIENTAL COUNTERPART OF COCK-FIGHTING THAT IS VERY POPULAR IN INDIA.



WHO SHALL BE "QUEEN OF QUEENS"? NOT A BULL-FIGHT BUT A COW-FIGHT—AN ANNUAL CONTEST AT MARTIGNY, SWITZERLAND, NEAR THE ST. BERNARD PASS, WHERE COWS DO BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY OF THE HERD.

We illustrate here two curious forms of animal pugilism. If anyone was ever in doubt as to the derivation of the verb "to ram," its significance will be clear from the upper photograph, which illustrates a form of contest popular in India. The lower illustration shows an annual event at the Swiss town of Martigny, close to the spot where Napoleon halted before his historic march through the St. Bernard Pass. Every year at this place some eighty fighting cows, which belie that animal's reputation for placidity, do battle for the title, "Queen of Queens." The arena, which rather resembles that of a Spanish bull-fight, has a double row of rails to protect the public, and in the centre are some young

fir trees, which the first batch of cows, on entering the ring, proceed to demolish. Then they charge each other and fight, until one of the combatants trots away, a sign of submission. Other cows are then introduced, and seek opponents. Those "quitters" who refuse to fight are turned out unceremoniously. This year's contest, which took place recently, was again won by last year's Queen, a handsome twelve-year-old cow with long horns. Getting under her opponent's head, she would push her round the ring with fore-feet off the ground. At her home on the slopes of the St. Bernard she reigns over a herd of 200 cows, enjoys the best pasture, and chases away any animals not from her own stable.

A TINTORETTO FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: THE £14,000 APPEAL.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS.



A GREAT MASTERPIECE TO THE ACQUISITION OF WHICH PATRIOTIC ART-LOVERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE :
TINTORETTO'S SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF VINCENZO MOROSINI.



In celebration of the centenary of the National Gallery and of its own "coming-of-age," the National Art-Collections Fund (founded twenty-one years ago) appeals to all art-loving patriots to contribute towards the purchase of this magnificent portrait by Tintoretto, to fill a gap in the national collection, which at present has no example of that master at the height of his genius. Messrs. Agnew, the owners of the picture, are prepared to sell it to the nation for £14,000, although they had fixed the price, for private buyers, at £16,000. It was recently placed on view in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, Manchester Square, W.1, the

headquarters of the Fund, and the address to which contributions may be sent to the secretary. Vincenzo Morosini was a great Venetian statesman and soldier of the sixteenth century, the most eminent member of a family notable in Venice for six hundred years. He was Prefect of Bergamo and directed the foreign policy of the Venetian Republic. In 1571 he was in command of the forces at Venice, and fortified the Lido against the Turks. His figure appears in a picture of the Resurrection in the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore. Tintoretto's portrait of him is unanimously recognised as a great masterpiece.

REGAL WEDDING POMP IN REPUBLICAN AMERICA: A £10,000,000 BRIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, P. AND A., AND C.N.



WITH THE BRIDE (EXTREME RIGHT) AT THE END, PRECEDED BY BRIDESMAIDS, FLOWER GIRLS, AND USHERS (LEFT FOREGROUND) WHO SUPPORTED THE BRIDEGBROOM: THE PROCESSION AT THE CECIL VANDERBILT WEDDING AT BILTMORE, N.C.



THE BRIDEGBROOM'S FATHER; LORD WILLIAM CECIL (LEFT) WITH THE HON. FLORENCE AMHERST AND SIR ESME HOWARD, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A.



LEAVING FOR THE CHURCH: THE BRIDE, WITH HER MOTHER, MRS. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT.

THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION: (L. TO R.) MISS MARGARET CECIL AND MISS AUGUSTA McCAGG, MISS PEGGY MORAN AND MISS HELEN RAUL (FLOWER GIRLS), MISS RACHEL STRONG (MAID OF HONOUR), MISS CORNELIA VANDERBILT (THE BRIDE), AND MRS. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT.



TO BE THE HOME OF THE BRIDAL PAIR ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE HONEYMOON: THE LATE MR. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT'S MANSION AT BILTMORE, N.C.



CUPID (LITTLE POLYANN FOSTER, AGED THREE) GREETS THE HON. JOHN CECIL AND HIS BRIDE AS THEY LEAVE THE CHURCH.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt, daughter of the late Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, the multi-millionaire, to the Hon. John Francis Amherst Cecil, son of Lord William Cecil and the late Baroness Amherst of Hackney, was celebrated with great magnificence on April 29, at All Souls Church, Biltmore, North Carolina, near the bride's home. Mr. John Cecil was until recently Secretary to the British Embassy at Washington. On the evening before the wedding several hundred tenants and servants of the estate serenaded the bride with whistles, and some of them held branches laden with spring blossoms, forming an arch under which the

bridal pair passed as they left the church. One of the first to greet them was a little three-year-old child, Polyann Foster, of Asheville, representing Cupid with his bow and arrow. The British Ambassador in Washington, Sir Esme Howard, was among the guests. Miss Cornelia Vanderbilt was the chief beneficiary under the will of her father, who died in 1914, worth, it was estimated, some £10,000,000. She received a quarter of the principal on coming of age in 1921, and she will have the remainder on her twenty-fifth birthday in August 1925, besides £1,000,000 left in trust by her grandfather.

ABOVE "CLEAR, PLACID LEMAN": GENEVA'S MEMORIAL TO BYRON.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. JULLIEN, GENEVA.



RECENTLY UNVEILED AS A CENTENARY MONUMENT TO BYRON: A GLACIER-BORNE BOULDER BY WHICH HE USED TO SIT, NEAR THE VILLA WHERE HE WROTE THE THIRD CANTO OF "CHILDE HAROLD" IN 1816.

Geneva paid a centenary tribute to Byron on May 3, when a memorial was unveiled at the top of the hill of Cologny, near the Villa Diodati, where he lived in 1816. The third Canto of "Childe Harold," which he wrote there, contains many stanzas describing Lake Leman (the Lake of Geneva) and the surrounding mountains and lakeside towns. The house still contains much of the furniture which he used, and there is an apple-tree beneath which Byron and Shelley used to talk. The memorial consists of a large glacier-borne boulder against which Byron used to sit and gaze down on the lake below. It bears the inscription, "A Byron." There doubtless he composed such lines as—"Lake Leman woos

me with its crystal face"; and the beautiful apostrophe to "Clear, placid Leman!" in stanzas No. LXXXV. and those that follow. Further along the shore of the lake is the old castle that inspired the famous sonnet on "The Prisoner of Chillon." At the unveiling ceremony some episodes of Byron's life at Geneva were related by Professor Borgeaud, of Geneva University, M. Gignoux, President of the Canton of Geneva, and the British Consul, Mr. M. H. S. London. The monument was handed over by Captain Fox, chairman of the centenary committee, to the Mayor of Cologny, M. Bordier, who told a story about a lady's shoe said to have been lost by some feminine admirer of Byron in a neighbouring vineyard.

THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND THEIR WILL.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

UNIVERSAL Suffrage has not stood still of late. General elections in England, general elections in Italy, general elections in Germany, general elections in France, general elections in Belgium constituted the programme for the last six or nine months. The second half

much awakened in the higher classes, whether they were religious or not, for politics to be anything for them but a human system of interests and passions, having nothing in common with their faith. The attempts made by the Catholic Church to support the absolutism of the old dynasties in the first part of the nineteenth century failed. The realistic current carried the spirit of the age in a contrary direction. Lamennais has expounded for us that drama of the modern conscience, obliged to secularise politics, even, and perhaps especially, when it is most inflamed by religious zeal. Two pages written by him at

their origin and their aim; both, though different, are derived from the same source; a man is a king as another is a priest, not for himself but for the people whom he is called upon to lead and save. Power never ceases to belong to God; it never becomes the property of him who exercises it. A king is not a powerful man; what is a man's power? He is, we repeat, the *Minister of God*; and, shall I say it to-day—Louis XVI. only perished because he wanted to be a mere man when he was commanded to be a king.

"And this is what made his death a calamity such as no nation has ever before experienced. With him royalty perished, and since then we have had anarchy and despotism, everything except that . . ."

It is difficult to express the pure doctrine of Divine Right with greater force and fervour. But this is what Lamennais wrote ten years later in the "Book of the People"—

"People, listen to what they have told you, and to what they have compared you.

"They have said you were a flock and they were the *pastors*; you the brutes, they the men. To them, therefore, your wool, your milk, and your flesh belonged. Feed therefore under the shelter of their crook . . ."

"They said also that the Royal Power was that of a father over his children, who were always minors. Thenceforth, without liberty or property, the people, eternally incapable of reasoning, lived in absolute dependence on the prince, who disposed of them and of all things as it pleased him. Continual servitude and misery!"

"Some only acknowledge force as the *arbiter of society*. . . . Poor populace, you are robbed and oppressed; of what do you complain? In your simple candour you ask by what title your tyrants rule. Do you not see it everywhere? Do you not see those bayonets which shine in the sun, and those cannons trained on the public squares?"

"Others have imagined that power belonged by right to a few races whose natures were more perfect; or that God conferred it directly, either upon certain individuals chosen for certain particular ends, or upon families destined to possess it perpetually. . . . They called that the Divine Right.

"People, shut your ears to these lies. Leave the ungodly to blaspheme the Father of the human race; learn to know His true laws, to know your own rights and to attain them.

"All men are born equal, and consequently independent of one another. No man is born into the world with the right to command. If it were incumbent on everyone, from the moment of his birth, to obey the will of another, moral liberty would cease to exist. . . ."

"Again, personal liberty and sovereignty are one and the same thing. . . . That sublime attribute of intelligence, sovereignty over oneself, or liberty, is the essential characteristic which distinguishes man from the brutes, who are subject to fate and carried by it into the sphere of their blind existence, even as the celestial bodies move in their inexorable orbits."



A GREAT MUSICAL EVENT—THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF BOITO'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA, "NERONE," (NERO) KEPT SECRET FOR FIFTY YEARS: THE SCENE OF ACT III.—THE CHRISTIANS' PLACE OF WORSHIP, AN OLIVE ORCHARD OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME.

of the year will see the Presidential election in America. Everywhere the Governments are addressing themselves to the people in order that they may find a way out of the perplexities of an obscure situation which is full of dangers. They ask them what they wish and what they think; but the people see no more clearly in the present twilight than their Governments. They wish for peace, tranquillity, the sweet prosperity of former days; but they do not know what else they should demand as a necessary means of obtaining that aim. In those cases where they do not succeed by a stroke of force in momentarily terrorising universal suffrage, Governments become the unconvinced and sometimes restive and clumsy executors of an obscure popular will, not sure of itself, slow in evolution, and yet sovereign. . . .

It is easier to denounce the inconveniences of the system than to find remedies. The régime of the people's sovereignty under which we live is only the outcome of that political rationalism which, during the nineteenth century, continued to grow to the detriment of all the mystical doctrines of the State. Europe has never conceived the idea of power as being anything but a mandate from God or from the people. These two mandates are the antagonistic principles of which the mystical and rationalistic doctrines of the State are the final outcome; there are no other principles; and the mixed systems by which it has been tried to reconcile them have, in fact, only sometimes modified, but never suspended, the struggle between them. That struggle, which was inherent in the actual essence of the two principles, did not cease for an instant in the nineteenth century. As the belief in the Divine Right of Kings gradually weakened, the sovereignty of the people became a reality acting with ever-increasing force.

This political rationalism is in no way bound up, as might have been supposed, with religious scepticism. The directing classes of Europe, alike in Catholic and Protestant countries, were more incredulous in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth. But the Divine Right of Kings had nowhere been seriously shaken by that incredulity until the French Revolution. The philosophical movement which prepared the great upheaval of the end of the century had never made a frontal attack upon it, although it demanded certain reforms.

In the first part of the nineteenth century a portion of the higher classes alike in Catholic and Protestant Europe reconciled themselves with God. But the Divine Right of Kings hardly profited at all by this renaissance of the religious spirit. The fervour with which many Catholics and Protestants, after 1815, once more believed in the dogmas of the Church or the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, did not cause them to believe that any one family had a supernatural right to conduct, without control, all the affairs of their country. A sense of reality, a knowledge of history, the critical and analytical spirit, were too

an interval of ten years explain in a powerful epitome the greatest political crisis of our civilisation.

In an article written in 1823 to commemorate the death of Louis XVI., Lamennais expresses himself thus—

"Let the kings learn what they really are: *Ministers of God for good*, depositaries of His power. They have



WHERE THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS ARE LED TO THEIR DOOM IN THE ARENA: THE OPPIDUM (OR VESTIBULE) AT THE BACK OF THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS—SCENE I. OF ACT IV. IN BOITO'S OPERA, "NERONE," (NERO) RECENTLY PRODUCED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, AT MILAN.—[Drawings by Prof. Ludovico Pogliaghi.]

received it from Him, they cannot alienate it. . . . Royalty is a true political priesthood which can no more be put off than a religious priesthood. Both are equally divine in

"No man can alienate his sovereignty, because he cannot abdicate his nature or cease to be a man; and from the sovereignty of the individual there is born socially

[Continued on Page 910.]

A MUSICAL SENSATION: THE SECRET OPERA, "NERO," PRODUCED.

DRAWINGS BY PROFESSOR LUDOVICO POGLIAGHI, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHAEOLOGIST, WHO SUPERVISED THE STAGE SETTINGS AND COSTUMES.



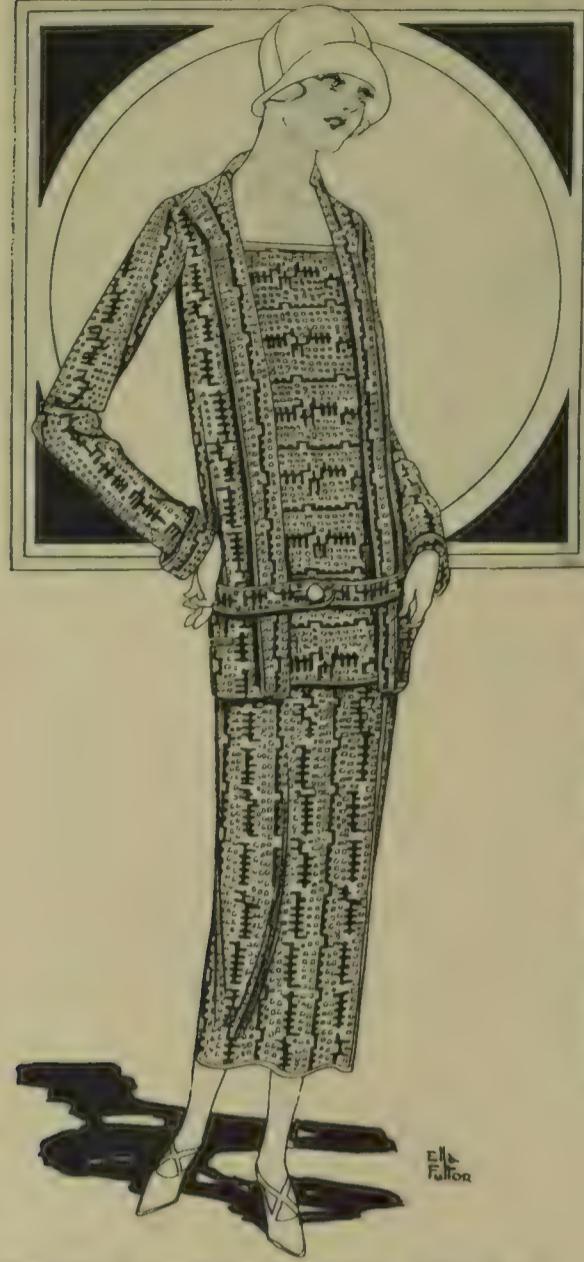
WHERE NERO SMASHES THE IDOLS AND WRECKS THE SHRINE ON DISCOVERING THAT A SUPPOSED GODDESS IS A MORTAL: THE TEMPLE OF SIMON MAGUS IN ACT II. OF BOITO'S LONG-SUPPRESSED OPERA, "NERONE" (NERO), LATELY PRODUCED, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BY SIGNOR TOSCANINI, IN THE SCALA THEATRE AT MILAN.



AN IMMENSE SENSATION IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC: THE FIRST PRODUCTION, AT MILAN, OF THE LATE ARRIGO BOITO'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA, "NERONE," WHICH HE WITHHELD FOR FIFTY YEARS UNTIL HIS DEATH—ACT I., NERO ON THE APPIAN WAY.

Enormous interest was aroused in the musical world by the triumphant first production (in the Scala Theatre at Milan on May 1) of the opera, "Nerone" (Nero) by the Italian poet-composer, Arrigo Boito, who died in 1918. He began the work some fifty years before his death, but, although he published the libretto as a five-act drama, he kept the score a secret even from his most intimate friends throughout his life, apparently feeling that he had failed to realise his ideal. The magnificent production under Signor Toscanini, who conducted, was the result of long and careful preparation, and the setting cost nearly two million lire (£200,000). Professor Ludovico Pogliaghi, the eminent Italian archaeologist and architect, spent some two years in special researches in order to reproduce faithfully the Rome of Nero's day. The opera was

given in four acts, as the original fifth act, which represented the Burning of Rome, had been abandoned by Boito himself. Act I. opens at night on the Appian Way, with Nero in terror-stricken remorse for the murder of his mother, Agrippina, but recovering himself when morning comes and the populace acclaims him. Act II. shows the subterranean shrine, where Simon Magus, the Gnostic sorcerer, practices vile rites. His rivalry with Fanuel, a leader of the Christians, is one of the main themes of the plot, and the scene of Act III. is laid at the Christian place of worship, an olive orchard outside the city walls. Act IV. begins in a hall of the Circus Maximus, where the Christian martyrs, betrayed by Simon, are led to their tortures in the arena. The last scene is a vault where the bodies of victims have been thrown.



Fine wool in soft Egyptian colourings makes this attractive two-piece sports suit, sponsored by Jay's, Regent Street, W. (See page 908.)

THE King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York have given the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley the best of all send-offs. They have appeared unannounced, and practically unattended, among the thousands enjoying the vast show. Everyone now feels that any day at Wembley, in addition to education about our own Empire in the most interesting way, the Heads of that Empire, the Heir-Apparent to its Throne, or other members of the Royal Family may be encountered enjoying it all with the people. It is an unadvertised attraction, and has in it the element of chance, and it is one which appeals enormously to our loyal people at home and from across the seas.

Private balls at Grosvenor House in the reign of the late Duke and of Katherine Duchess of Westminster were great events of a London season. There was always a supper-room built out in the garden and entered by steps and a covered way from the fine ball-room, made by opening the Rubens Room to the ball-room. There was a procession to supper, in which the host escorted the Queen, and the King the hostess. Many members of the Royal Family followed, and if there were more Princesses than Princes, which happens even in such exalted circles, Ambassadors were chosen as their escorts. In the sacred cause of blinded Service men, the ball given there, organised by the Duchess of Westminster (who lent the house) and by Lady (Arthur) Pearson, recalled something of the old glories of one of the finest London ducal mansions. The Prince of Wales was there, having dined previously with the Duchess of Westminster, who looked very well in gold tissue brocade and gold lace with emeralds and diamonds. Princess Beatrice was another of the Royal Family present, and Ambassadors and their wives were there in goodly number. These balls for good causes have largely ousted the private entertainments. The new way is good for charitable undertakings; the old way was good for trade. In these hard times we are quite conscious that it cannot be had both ways.

One reads many remarks on the manners of the young people of the present day. One's grandmother would have been deeply grieved had a girl fellow passenger in a first-class carriage taken the entire time of a journey from Purley to Charing Cross in decorating her countenance with the aid of a vanity-case. The lips were a long job, and had to be done and re-done; the cheek-tinting was also difficult, owing to a jolty train. One feared that the

The World of Women

eyebrows, for this reason, might not exactly have matched. A man in the carriage was an interested observer. His sole remark later was: "Had the effect justified the means, it would have been all right." This is the male way, which makes not for suppression, but for higher effort. An elderly lady, quiet and dignified, having let the years have their own way with her, observed, as she passed down the platform: "The turning of a railway-carriage into a dressing-room would not have been tolerated in my young days!"

Sir Philip Sassoon, whose portrait by Sargent is one of the outstanding pictures in this year's Academy, is said to possess, in addition to millions, a ghost of Sir Geoffrey de Mandeville, which is said to guard a great treasure in Trent Park. Sir Philip, who stands in no need of the treasure, is said to have announced his intention to rout out the ghost, and has started excavations near the old moat of the Castle. As he is a soldier who did well in the World War, rich beyond any personal uses, and clever, it is in his character as amateur archaeologist that he is making excavations, not in search of the ghost, which is an impalpable and mist-like wraith, said to look like a man in mediaeval armour. In this work, many interesting finds have been made, and the ghost is still being braved. Sir Philip is said to be a lineal descendant of King David's fifth son, Shephatiah, and must look on most of us as mere mushrooms. His sister, whose portraits have also



A novel three-piece-suit which may be studied at Jay's. The jumper-coat and skirt is of lacquer-red wool, bordered with striped artificial silk, while the inner jumper is of white artificial silk. (See page 908.)



A jumper, skirt, and scarf of green boucllette, embroidered in tapestry cross-stitch and colourings. Sketched at Jay's. (See page 908.)

had Academy successes, is the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

The Duchess of Atholl, M.P., is a lucid and quiet speaker. She does not seek to play upon emotions, but to state facts. She spoke for the Invalid Children's Aid Association at Dorchester House, and followed Sybil Thorndike. The latter was eloquent, and, of course, what she said was perfectly delivered in a wonderfully sympathetic voice. The Duchess has a very nice voice, low and of fine timbre, but monotonous as she then spoke. She has a keen sense of humour, which she seldom exercises when speaking in public. The above occasion did not, of course, lend itself to humour. In the House, I believe, the Duchess M.P. is considered to be just right as a speaker. Out of it she is so good that it can only be wished that she was better.

The Marchioness of Salisbury is very keen upon the Hatfield Elizabethan Fête in aid of the Hertfordshire Nursing Association, which will be held in that place so closely associated with the girlhood of Queen Bess, Hatfield Park, on Friday and Saturday, the 30th and 31st inst., between 2 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. There will be a Campions Masque, a Historical Procession (in which Lord and Lady Howard de Walden will take part; also the Earl of Galloway and Lady Mary Ashley), a Market Place on the South Front (where thirteen Elizabethan stalls will be erected, and the contents sold by Elizabethan ladies), a village green with Maypole dances and a whipping-post (*no* whipping), Hatfield House open, the maze to be viewed, a Japanese play, an Old English Fair, a gypsy encampment, country dancing, Grecian dancing, boating on the lake, and catering. If these are not enough attractions for five shillings, I wonder what that modest sum could be expected to command.

Hatfield House is quite near Hatfield Station, to which there are frequent trains, and there are buses and charabancs, so it is very easily get-at-able. The Duchess of York will be there on the 31st, to receive purses in aid of the Association. The Elizabethan Fête promises two delightful afternoons in beautiful and historically appropriate surroundings.

A. E. L.



*The Underground Ballroom
—Welbeck Abbey*

The Most Magnificent Room in England.

HOME of many wonders, in some features Welbeck Abbey is unique—and likely so to remain. Here are splendid apartments sumptuously furnished and most beautifully decorated, connected by miles of corridors with kitchens and pantries complete, and all below the ground level.

One of these apartments, the Underground Picture Gallery, or Ballroom, with walls covered by works of the most celebrated old masters, has been described as "the largest and most magnificent room in England." The subterranean chambers form only a portion of this vast edifice. Once it was a monastery, but little of which remains, the main building being principally the work of that wonderful woman and celebrated builder of Elizabethan mansions, Bess of Hardwick, though there are many additions by later owners.

As a family seat of the Dukes of Portland, Welbeck has become a perfect palace of the arts and well renowned for the princely entertainments held during centuries past. Ben Jonson wrote a masque for the entertainment here of King Charles the First in 1633. Talk of entertainments recalls that John Haig Scots Whisky was produced six years before this, and for nigh three hundred years has given true pleasure to all who have enjoyed its maturity and mellow perfection.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
**John
Haig?**

Fashions and Fancies.

Knitted Suits and Scarves. The scarf has developed from a detached square of brightly coloured silk into an important part of the frock or suit, and sketched on page 906 is a delightful three-piece affair of green bouclette

colourings. The skirt and gilet are mounted on silk, and it is completed by a short coat. The price is 18½ guineas. In the centre is another novel variation of the three-piece theme. The coat is cut on cross-over lines ending in a deep belt bordered with striped artificial silk, and is slipped on over the head. It is of red wool, with the skirt to match, and underneath is a jumper of white artificial silk introducing the same striped border. The cost is 12 guineas, and 12½ guineas that of an attractive suit of white wool and artificial silk richly embroidered with a quaint design in which appear effective touches of black, yellow, and red. Then there are jumper suits of artificial silk with the front worked in fine cotton thread of contrasting shades, available for 10½ guineas. The introduction of cotton thread makes them delightfully cool for summer wear.

The Romance of a Great Business.

amount of adventure and enterprise they represent. The original Charles Digby Harrod who, seventy-five years ago, hazarded the opening of a tiny grocer's shop in the Brompton Road could hardly, in his wildest dreams, have visualised the magnificent building and organisation which the whole world knows as "Harrods" to-day. Yet he laid the foundation-stone of this vast business by possessing the

Even the most unimaginative person cannot compare the two photographs on this page without feeling what an immense

secret of its success—imagination, enterprise, and courage. From that date Harrods has advanced triumphantly, and is now celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary. Some idea of this firm's romantic history and of its splendid war record can be gleaned from the most interesting book it has just published entitled "The Secret of Harrods," which is also filled with beautiful illustrations.

A New Hobby. It is delightful to know that in these hard times one can collect gifts for the asking. Surely no one would refuse an exquisite burnished aluminium casket, like beaten silver, or a handsome red and gold casket, reproducing beautiful Japanese lacquer—each filled with a delicious variety of best quality chocolates. These caskets and chocolates are extraordinarily good. To obtain one, all that is necessary is to collect Fry's Breakfast Cocoa labels, and write to them at Bristol for particulars. Incidentally, they make delightful presents for giving away to friends.

Novelty of the Week.

The vogue for ostrich feathers has introduced a fascinating collarette of clipped ostrich, which can also be worn as a fichu. It can be secured for 23s. 6d. in several soft shades, and on application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address whence it may be obtained.

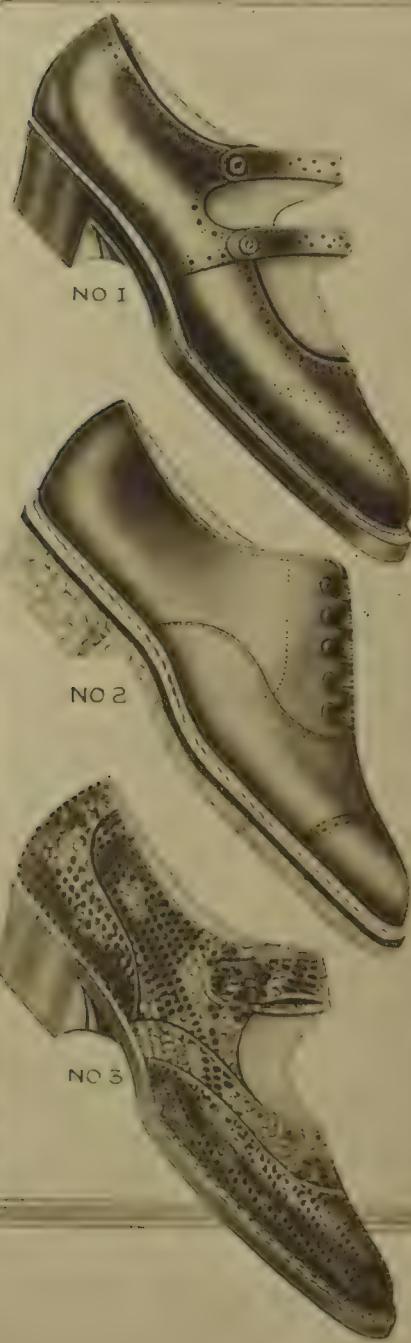


HARROD'S STORES OF LONG AGO: A SMALL SHOP IN THE BROMPTON ROAD.

embroidered in tapestry cross-stitch which is completed with a wide scarf to match. The whole outfit may be obtained for 12½ guineas from Jay's, Regent Street, W., where there are also distinctive golf suits knitted in a small black-and-white check design available for the same amount, comprising jumper, skirt, and scarf. The sports suit pictured on the same page is of very fine wool knitted in soft Egyptian



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THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND THEIR WILL.

(Continued from Page 904.)

that collective sovereignty of all, or the sovereignty of the people; equally inalienable."

The change of face is complete. Why at a distance of ten years did the eloquent writer transfer that inalienable power which is the source of all authority from God to the people, urging it with passionate and intrepid logic to the limits of absurdity? Because during those ten years the Revolution of 1830 had overthrown the elder branch of the Bourbons. An ardent Catholic, profoundly imbued with all the "invisible realities—truth—justice—order—authority" could still recognise in Louis XVIII. and Charles X. "Ministers of God." A long past could still testify to, and the bloody Revolution confirm, their supernatural mission for the government of France in the eyes of all the believers in legitimate monarchy. But could they see a "Minister of God" or a "Lord's Anointed" in Louis Philippe? The profane manipulation which had consecrated him on the barricades was too apparent. Paris, France, Europe had seen M. Laffitte—a banker—and a small coterie of parliamentarians and financiers crown a new king, no longer of France, but of the French. After the days of July the monarchy was no longer a supernatural institution based on a mystic principle; it had become a political expedient, conscious of its contradictions and of its logical weakness; a game of balancing between the discordant forces of a distracted age. To involve the Holy Spirit in such a game was henceforward sacrilegious. And the ardent soul of the great writer, who was seeking a coherent principle as a source of authority and not a contradictory expedient, grasped at the opposite doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People, which alone could still satisfy his need of logic, coherence, and grandeur.

The *volte-face* of the spirit of the world was much slower than that of Lamennais; but it obeyed the same law. Gradually as monarchy after 1848 became a political expedient, appreciated according to its results, the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People gained ground, and developed in the direction of its latest consequences, which were at the same time logical and absurd: universal suffrage for all men and all women as the unique source of authority. If power is a mandate from the people, where can one to-day logically recognise the people, if not in the sum total of men and women? That compelling logic of principle has democratised, more or less, during the half-century which preceded the World War, all the European States, leading even the most conservative—the Empire of Austria, for example—to adopt universal suffrage. Now that war and revolution have brushed aside the most powerful dynasties of Central Europe, universal suffrage has conquered, almost without being aware of it, the sovereign position which Lamennais had conceded to it in his fiery addresses after the days of July. The Kings having disappeared, the People, sovereign and impersonal, were to command as the sacred sources of legitimacy.

But the world found itself suddenly confronted by a difficulty of which it had heretofore no idea.

The principle of the Sovereignty of the People is ancient, for it goes back to the old Greek and Roman antiquity. But the Sovereign Peoples in ancient times were restricted *élites* of free citizens. In Rome this limited *élite* was dominated by a veritable aristocracy, the *élite* of an *élite*. Traditions, laws, religious beliefs, ignorance, poverty, the consciousness of human weakness surrounded the power and the will of that collective sovereignty with limits and barriers.

To-day, both in Europe and America, universal suffrage is the triumph of mass, number, and quantity. This new collective sovereign is a kind of monster, with an enormous body, a very small head, claws which are sometimes trenchant, which usually couches in a heavy slumber, and often allows itself to be led as docilely as a lamb is led by a child, but which from time to time is taken by accesses of fury. At such times it roars, it bites, it spits fire; the most intrepid takers do not succeed in calming it. Its intelligence is limited like that of a child; whatever it is desirable that it should understand must be made as simple as possible, even the most complicated questions. It allows itself to be easily dazzled, deceived, and even terrified. But it has caught a vague conviction from the spirit of the age that it is all-powerful, a conviction which is fed by its ignorance. It has no idea of the connection between cause and effect; it imagines, in its simplicity, that error, folly, and ignorance produce none of the consequences which naturally belong to them, according to the law of life; it allows itself to be transported unresistingly into the world of dreams, where it is only necessary to desire a thing to make sure of its being realised... and there are no limits to its erratic will, neither traditions nor indisputable religious beliefs, nor solid institutions; nor does it recognise any necessities superior to its powers.

It is only natural in these conditions that many minds should ask themselves anxiously whether and how the world will continue to be governed. It is obvious that universal suffrage given over to its own devices, in the disorder of the unhinged world of to-day, means a perpetual menace for a country, and especially for a great country, not only of chaos, but of the possibility of the most alarming surprises. Must recourse, then, be had to coercion? That is the counsel of the partisans of dictatorship, who are numerous in all countries. But it is not easy to terrorise millions of men for a long period, and the effort made to exercise such violent pressure can only enfeeble the State.

Others place their hope in an intellectual and moral revolution, which would overthrow the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the People. If such a revolution were possible in the near future, we should find ourselves at one of those turning points in history which baffle all human prevision. The political rationalism which is dominant to-day would have to be replaced by some new form of mysticism: who can say by what an upheaval such a change would be accompanied?

Instead of embarking upon such hazardous hypotheses, it would be better to ask oneself whether one of the greatest problems left to the People by the Great War is not the organisation of universal suffrage. In England, France, Switzerland, and Germany the political parties had already before the war organised the great national consultations of universal suffrage, in the measure and with the means which at that time seemed adequate. The problem therefore is to perfect that organisation where it already exists, and to create it where it does not; to give to universal suffrage foresight and balance and coherence less disproportionate to the task which it has to fulfil.

But it is not sufficient to enlighten universal suffrage as much as possible and to direct its attention towards the essential points. The future organisation of universal suffrage ought also to endeavour to defend the people from the errors and infatuations of their own will; to ensure that their *deep and permanent will* should always triumph over their *passing and capricious will*.

These two wills exist in individuals as they do in peoples. The permanent will pushes us towards the essential aims of our existence, those for which we really live and work—our family, our place in society, great or small. But the permanent will is often disturbed by transitory passions, loves, hates, ambitions, rivalries, enthusiasms, which pass through the life of a man like cyclones.

In the accesses of these ephemeral passions a man may commit follies which destroy the work of his permanent will, the real work of his existence. The strong, wise man is he who knows how to make his permanent will always triumph over the caprices of his passing will.

It is the same with the Peoples. A permanent will attaches them to their historic mission. But the Peoples are also susceptible to caprices and infatuations, to passing furies, accesses of love or hate, which may destroy the work of their permanent wills and compromise their future for a long time to come. In the present disorder in which the world is seething, these accesses will be more easily aroused and more dangerous, and, thanks to them, universal suffrage, which ought to be the organ of the permanent and sane will, may become the slave of one of those destructive caprices...

To ward off this danger there appears to be but one means—to create by the side of universal suffrage a more restricted suffrage, more select, more thoughtful, less exposed to accesses of collective folly, which would be the more stable expression of the deep and permanent will of the country. The bodies created by these restricted suffrages—whether they be called Senates or otherwise—would correct in normal times the excesses, precipitations, and incoherencies of universal suffrage and the organs which represent it. They ought to be able openly to resist universal suffrage when it allows itself to be blinded by a caprice or an infatuation of its passing will, and to give it time to calm itself, to reflect, to find itself again—that is to say, to regain its deep and permanent will. . . .

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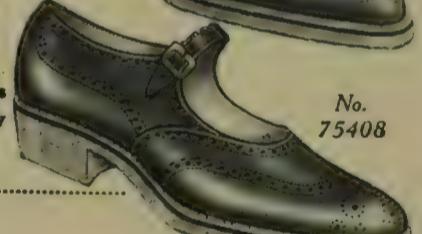
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The McKenna Duties.

The subject of the McKenna duties is so highly controversial that I cannot discuss the question on its merits in the pages of a journal which has no politics; but I do not think I am out of order in



A VEHICLE THAT WOULD HAVE ASTONISHED THE PILGRIMS OF CHAUCER'S TALES: A LINCOLN CAR OUTSIDE CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

saying that I think a very grave error has been made in the manner in which they are to be taken off. The net result of the postponement has been that the British manufacturer has been rendered uncertain of the precise effect their removal will have on his business, and he is marking time accordingly—like a wise man. The foreign importer also is holding his hand, because even now he is uncertain whether the duties will come off altogether, be continued indefinitely in their present form, or be reduced by ten per cent. or whatever it may be. Worst of all,

the car-purchasing public is holding off buying until some concrete decision shall have been reached, and so the whole of the motor trade is really in parlous case. People will not buy British cars because they are waiting to see how far foreign prices will be reduced, while they will not purchase the imported car because they think by waiting until after Aug. 1 they will be able to buy cheaper. So nobody is buying anything at all, and the trade is depressed to a degree which is worse than anything within my recollection.

Possibly it may be well if I try to clear the air a little with regard to the precise effect the abolition of the duties will have on the price of foreign cars. A prevailing impression seems to be that immediately the duties come off we shall be able to buy high-class foreign cars at two-thirds of the price at which they now stand. Now I do not intend to enter upon a discussion of the precise effect their removal will have on the British industry, but I must point out that such an impression as I have noted is altogether inaccurate. The idea that if a French or Italian car is priced at, say, £600, this sum represents actually £400 cost, plus £200 duty, is completely wide of the mark. In all probability the car is imported in chassis form, and pays duty on the wholesale invoice price in the country of origin. After it has arrived here it provides quite a lot of work for the British worker in body-building and in the tyre and accessory trades. The actual additional cost due to the duty is relatively small, though, of course, it counts. I should say that, at a liberal estimate, the difference in actual selling price of the foreign product which will be made by the removal of the duties is in the region of 10 per cent., or at most 12½ per cent.

I do not want this to be taken as indicating that I am in favour of removing the duties or of retaining them. I express no opinion one way or the other. All I want to do is to endeavour to show that it is simply foolish for the potential buyer of a car, whether his ideals are British or foreign, to hold off his purchase until the beginning of August in the hope that he will get substantially better prices. He will certainly not do any better

than I have indicated, and it is for him to say whether it is worth while being deprived of his new car for three months for the sake of an advantage which is not even certain, but will certainly be small.

The Small Car Trial.

The R.A.C. Thousand Miles Trial for small cars has been in progress during the past week, and by the time these lines are in print it will have nearly come to an end. I do not think enough attention has been focussed on this event—certainly not so much as its importance warrants. Unfortunately, the R.A.C. has never been well served on the publicity side, and its events have to make their own way, as it were. In the case of the present trial, enough has not been made of the fact that the club has used every endeavour to ensure that all the cars taking part are absolutely standard productions as sold to the public. Every entrant has been asked to make a statutory declaration that his car is exactly as described, under a recoverable penalty of £250. Therefore, we know that, whatever performance each car may make, it is exactly the car that is being offered to the public



MODERN TRANSPORT AND ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE: A WOLSELEY 15-H.P. COUPÉ PASSING LUDLOW CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE.

for purchase, and the results should be correspondingly valuable. The trial itself is of a very severe character, without any of the freak element in it, and we know that any car which comes through with a clean sheet

[Continued overleaf.]



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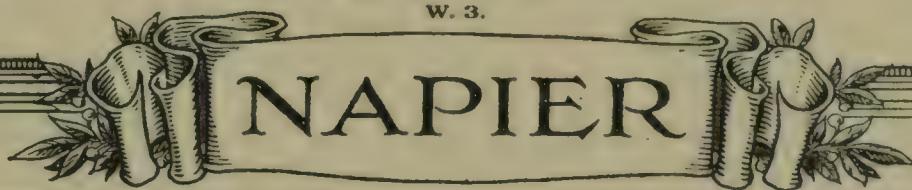
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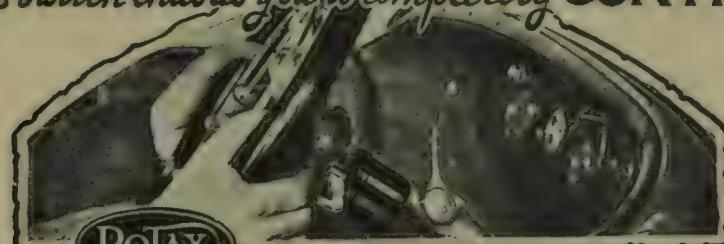
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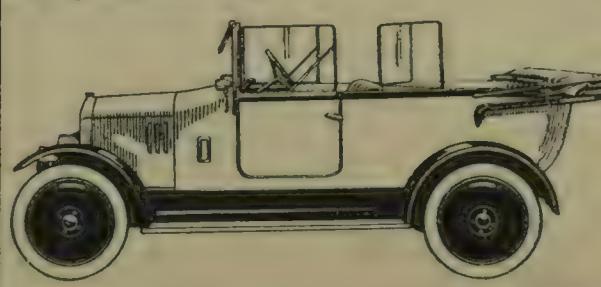
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Continued.
is one that is worthy of the public suffrages. Next week I hope to deal in something like detail with the performances of the cars engaged.

The Law of the Road. I see in one of the motoring papers that somebody has prepared a suggested code of "Laws of the Road." I have read them, and, frankly, do

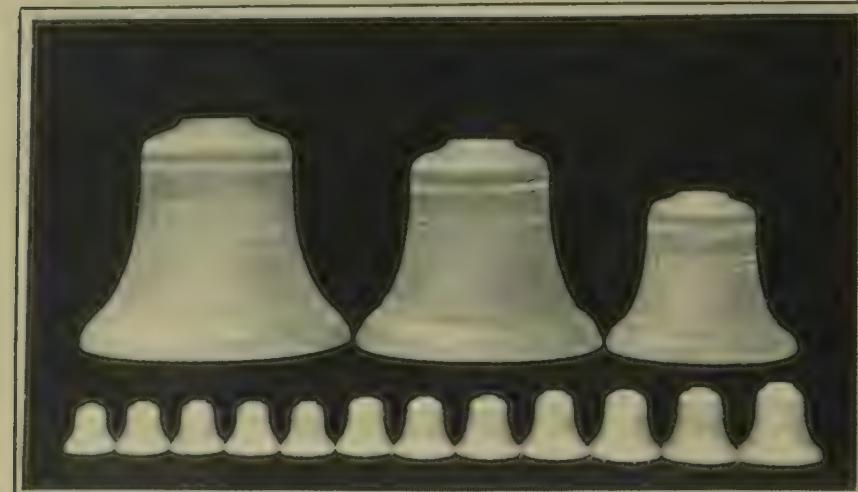
so I do not propose to labour the point now. I agree that we want a new and simple codification of the law of the highway, but we certainly do not want to make the law more complicated than it already is.

W. W.

There are great efforts to be made to induce people to take their holidays in Northern Ireland, now as peaceful and once more nearly as prosperous as such parts of London as are not upheaved and like devastated areas. The Donegal Highlands, the Antrim coast, the

coast; and there is one at the Giant's Causeway. There are two at least in the Donegal Highlands, but these are in the Free State, and will probably not be open, as that part of Donegal has fallen on particularly evil times. The Northern Irish people must look to their hotels, and then there will be plenty of visitors.

The important vitamin properties of lime juice cordial are well known, and as these are fully recognised by voyagers and residents in tropical countries, this beverage is likely to be much in favour with Dominion visitors to the Empire Exhibition, where the sole contract for the supply has been granted to Idris Lime Juice Cordial, which is made from the fruit grown in the West Indies.



ALDERMAN GEORGE CADBURY'S GIFT IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER: FIFTEEN NEW BELLS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE BOURNVILLE CARILLON.

not think very much of them. They make one fundamental mistake, which is to endeavour to adapt the rule of the road at sea to the highways. It cannot be done. Where one has plenty of sea-room and lots of time to act it is easy enough to apply the rules laid down in the rhymes I learnt when I was very young, and which taught that, when I saw a green light to port, "There's naught for me to do but see, That green to port keeps clear of me"; but the road is different. What we want is clear marking of primary and secondary roads, and a clearly defined law that main-road traffic has the right of way. Also, we want a recasting of the code which defines the respective rights of the various classes of traffic, more especially with reference to the rights of the pedestrian using the carriage-way. I have more than once given chapter and verse for cases of what I have always described as walking to the common danger,

fine golf-links at Portrush and Newcastle (the Ladies' Open Championship is being played on the former this month), are all very happy, unspoiled hunting-grounds for the tourist. The want in Irish beauty spots is usually of good hotels. There are hotels in Portrush, and good ones; a particularly fine one at Newcastle (Garron Tower, now the property of Mr. Winston Churchill) is beautifully situated on the Antrim



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An interesting ceremony recently took place at Messrs. Cadbury's famous model village at Bournville. Since 1906 the village school has possessed a carillon of twenty-two bells; but fifteen new bells have recently been presented by Alderman George Cadbury junior, in memory of his father, the donor of the original bells. The completed carillon of thirty-seven bells—giving three complete chromatic octaves—was formally inaugurated on May 1 by M. Antoine Mauwelaerts, the official Carillonneur of Bruges, who gave two recitals. The carillon, which is now one of the six largest in Great Britain, is particularly interesting as being the first with a clavier to be made by an English bell-founder.

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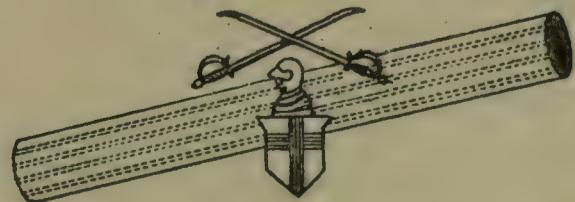
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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

LIFTING MIST. By AUSTIN HARRISON. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

Criticism of the public-school system in the form of fiction has been very prevalent of late years, and Mr. Austin Harrison, whose name is a guarantee of literary distinction and a wide social outlook, has made a notable addition to the number of such novels. The "mist" of the title symbolises, presumably, the ignorance of self and of life's realities through which adolescent youth stumbles towards enlightenment. "Certain aspects of school life," as the publisher's summary puts it, "are dealt with fully and candidly, and the issue clearly raised is that, while a public school may benefit a large majority of boys, there is always a minority which is harmed." Though he analyses his boy-hero's thoughts, the author does not obtrude his own reflections on the tale, which is full of vivid incident. The identity of the school is veiled, but it appears to be one of the old and unprogressive type.

THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER. By EDWIN PUGH. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Edwin Pugh's new novel takes modern youth at a later stage than school, and treats the subject in a more whimsical vein. It introduces a young man who has left the 'Varsity and drifted into a life of gilded leisure in London. He suffers from too much money, emanating from a rich uncle, who, however, grows tired of his nephew's futility and turns him out of doors to fend for himself. The story traces his subsequent career, first as a billiard-marker, and later as an itinerant musician seeking adventure on the road, and shows him "up against" realities and ultimately making good, with a touch of inevitable romance. In the early chapters the reiteration of his favourite slang expressions is irritating, and causes strong sympathy with the uncle.

HARBOTTLE: A MODERN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME. By JOHN HARGRAVE. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Experiences very different from those of the last-named story are recounted, with contrastingly serious intent, in this unconventional "first novel." It reveals, in a style that is staccato, jumpy, and colloquial, a mind tormented about questions of religion, science, art, trade,

and sex. It tells of "John Christian Harbottle, who (after the tragic break-up of all his domestic ties and affections) goes forth from his home, with the Burden of the new Sin of Sloth upon his back, upon a post-war pilgrimage to Nowhere in Particular in search of the Golden City; of his adventures upon the way; of his struggle to Get Things Sorted Out; of the people he meets, and how, at the last, he comes to the Gate and sees a Vision of World Unity and the New Patriotism." The Bunyan analogy, however, is not pursued to the point of allegory, for the characters and incidents are all realistic.

QUINNEY'S ADVENTURES. By HORACE A. VACHELL. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

Joe Quinney, the genial art dealer, is a character already familiar to the readers of Mr. Vachell's earlier novel, "Quinney's," and those who made his acquaintance there will be eager to renew it in this new tale of his adventures. There is much romance, not to mention occasional tragedy, latent in old furniture and other objects, such as Chinese idols, that find their way into a curio shop, and the author has made the most of their possibilities as the framework for a series of separate episodes. One of them concerns the eerie proceedings of a haunted chair. Another describes the capture of a girl burglar in masculine attire (as depicted on the jacket) who had taken refuge in an old chest somewhat after the manner of the story told in "The Mistletoe Bough."

THE PUPPET MASTER. By ROBERT NATHAN. With Illustrations by A. WYNDHAM PAYNE. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

A character in some ways akin to Joe Quinney is Papa Jonas, "The Puppet Master," who, however, carried on business not in London but New York. "Papa Jonas lived on the ground floor of No. 12. Barrow Street. It was there he had his workshop. . . . At noon a shaft of sunlight entered the shop, whose walls were hung with little dolls made of wood and dressed in silk and velvet. They were the actors and actresses of the puppet theatre, of which Papa Jonas was the owner and manager. Once a week you could have seen them presenting some play of Aristophanes, or Shakespeare, in a stable near Ninth Avenue." Clearly, no ordinary marionettes, as the reader will soon discover. It is a charming fantasy, in which deeper things than fantasy are mingled. The old-fashioned little wood-cuts, some in colour, are very appropriate.

THE PIPERS OF THE MARKET PLACE. By RICHARD DEHAN. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

The heroine of "Richard Dehan's" new novel is a daughter of the soil (of England, not South Africa), a woman of great stature and of a beauty likened to Demeter. She is afflicted with a good-for-nothing husband, and the story of her tribulations unfolds the simple strength and courage of her character, until we leave her at last finding consolation in the loyal love of her son. The reader follows her fortunes with growing interest from the moment when she crosses the threshold of the "Pure Drop" tavern on Tolleynead Goose Green, "with her wonderful sheaf of red-wheat coloured curls topped by her coarse straw bonnet, and the fragrance of the woods and fields exhaling from her sweet and wholesome personality." A fine type finely drawn, in the George Eliot manner.

MARSH LIGHTS. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

"Many there be that follow marsh lights, though the stars are shining overhead." That is the text of this story, which tells how Jessamy, its heroine, at length found something that etched certain "searing kisses and the flickering marsh light which had almost lured her into the quagmire." We meet her first as a runaway in Bloomsbury, finding shelter with a widower and his hunchback cousin. After the widower has married her, so that she may escape from her relatives, her former lover returns, and a struggle begins between the two men for the possession of her love. Which of them represented the marsh light, and which "the stars overhead," the reader must be left to discover.

GONE NATIVE. By "ASTERISK." (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)

"Asterisk" is the pseudonym of a writer whose volume of letters called "Isles of Illusion" earned comparison with the diary of Barbellion. An American reviewer said of those letters: "One wonders . . . if in the three years since the last one was penned, his remaining supports have crumbled and he has 'gone native,' as he so evidently feared he might." The publishers of this new book, a tale of the South Seas, remark: "It is a striking coincidence that 'Asterisk's' second MS. (completed and despatched before the author could possibly have read the passage quoted) should actually bear the title, 'Gone Native' and should tell the story of a white man's 'going native.'" The course of conduct indicated by the phrase includes marriage with a native woman.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THIS MARRIAGE" AT THE COMEDY.

A NEW problem-play of Mr. Crawshay-Williams's devising, "This Marriage," begins very brightly and promisingly with a scene in which a very modern girl helps on the proposal of a modern young man suitor and dictates to him the twelve commandments that are to rule their married life. She is rather *blasé* and blunt in her talk, after the manner of the new generation; she speaks as if not expecting too much in the way of fidelity from masculine human nature; but we are accustomed to cynicism in the conversation of our juniors, while believing that in their hearts and under pressure of emotion the young folk of to-day do not differ materially from their seniors. Mr. Crawshay-Williams's heroine, however, puts her sentiments and precepts strictly into practice, when, after years of matrimony, she discovers that her husband has contracted an intrigue with another woman, and in a long, long talk with that rival tells her that she is likely to be but one in a series of inamoratas to whom the husband will attach himself. As, after delivering a protracted lecture to that sinner on men and their weaknesses, she proposes to forgive him, the rival effacing herself, we are to suppose that this young woman of the period contemplates sharing her man with other women all her life, and is content to accept the prospect so long as she can go on mothering him. Looked at from that standpoint, it is not a very cheerful play, and, frankly, one does not believe in her. Philosophy is not pushed to that extent by the modern woman, however realistic

in her outlook; she is far too primitive in essence and too independent. It would be easier to forgive this complacent wife if she were not so didactic in her complacency. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt does her best to lend her charm and earnestness, just as Miss Tallulah Bankhead endeavours to suggest the vulgarity behind the rival woman's flamboyance.

are the prevailing impression left by this play, and sermons in the theatre are wearisome.

"THE LURE" AT THE SAVOY.

We have had "crook" plays more provocative of terror, and more rich in the unexpected than Mr. James Sabben's sample of this genre now staged at the Savoy. But on the whole, "The Lure" is quite good stuff of its sort, for with all the machinery of the stage mystery tale—rooms in darkness, revolver shooting, and hands that seem independent of human frames—it possesses ingenuity of construction and it creates suspense. The "lure" in question is a diamond, which its owner, a villainous millionaire, invites the guests composing his house party to take from him if they can; but the diamond soon becomes a secondary consideration, the problem of the play really being, who was it killed this millionaire? With an adroitness that can be admired, the author supplies every one of the guests with some motive for committing the murder. For instance, one man recognises the diamond as having belonged to his brother; a widow in the party has repudiated the host when he tried to blackmail her into accepting dishonourable overtures; two young men in fancy dress are anxious to give the unpleasant millionaire a fright. The net of suspicion also stretches further, but it is only fair that respect should be paid to the management's request that the secret of the play should not be divulged. The

management is new, consisting of those two clever young actors, Mr. Martin Lewis and Mr. Evan Thomas, who, with a cast including Miss Hilda Bayley, Mr. Cecil Humphreys, Mr. Garry Marsh, and Mr. John McNally, are responsible for a very effective presentation.



THE "POMPEIAN DAY" IN THE CELEBRATIONS OF THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF NAPLES UNIVERSITY: A CHOIR IN ROMAN DRESS SINGING THE "CARMEN SÆCULARE" OF HORACE IN THE FORUM AT POMPEII, WITH VESUVIUS SMOULDERING IN THE BACKGROUND.

The University of Naples celebrated the 700th anniversary of its foundation on May 3, and the 6th was "the Pompeian day," on which interesting observances took place among the ruins of Pompeii, practically a suburb of Naples before being destroyed by Vesuvius in 79 A.D. Olympic Games were held by students of various Italian Universities in the ancient amphitheatre, and in the Forum, at sunset, a choir composed of hundreds of young men and women, in ancient Roman costume, sang the "Carmen Sæculare" of Horace.—[Photograph by Porry-Pastore, supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.]

But the story is too obviously written for the sake of the thesis and the speeches which expound it, while the husband is too weak a creature, despite Mr. Herbert Marshall's handling of the part, to make a fight for him seem worth the trouble. Its sermons

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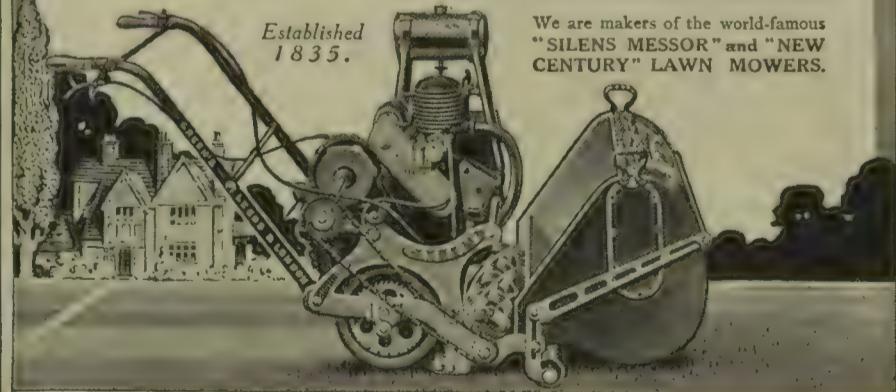
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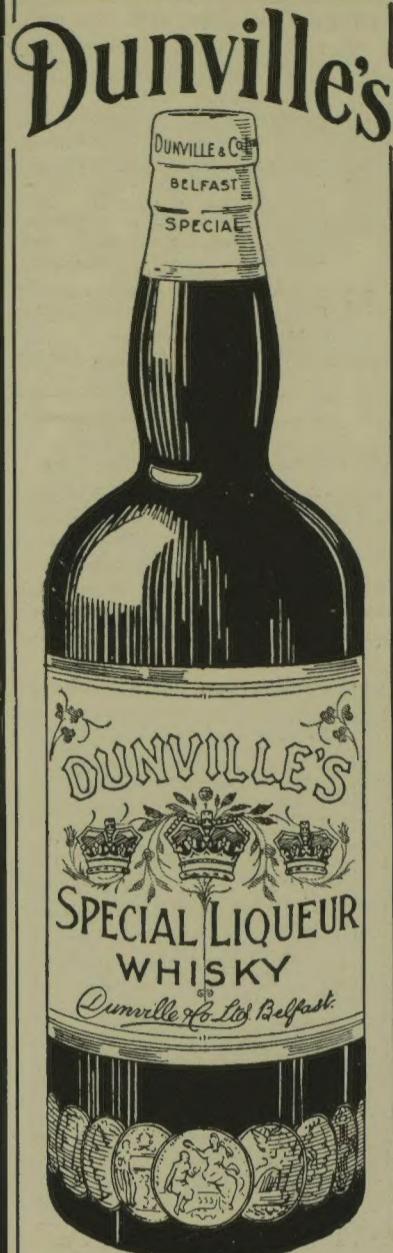
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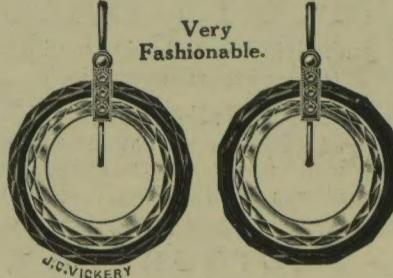
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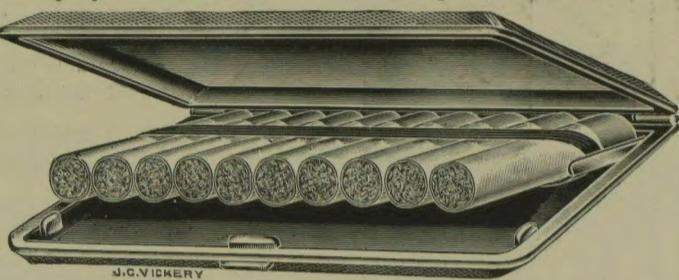


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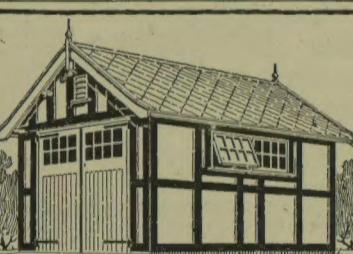
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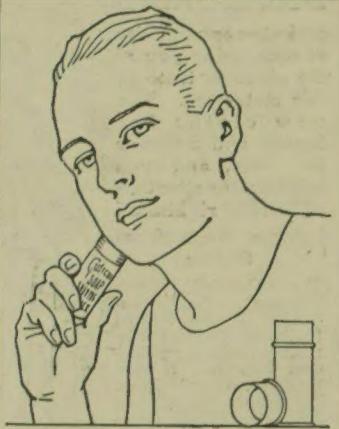
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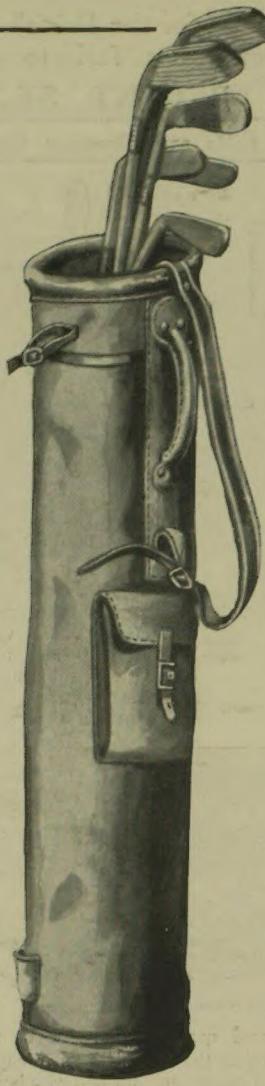
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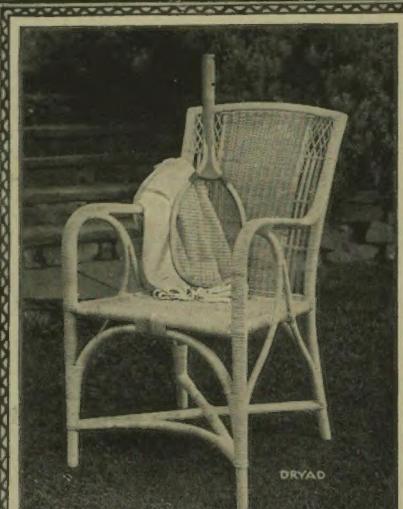
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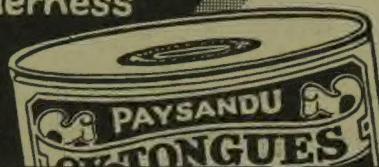
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Sportswomen need stamina—the
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*A dose at night will keep
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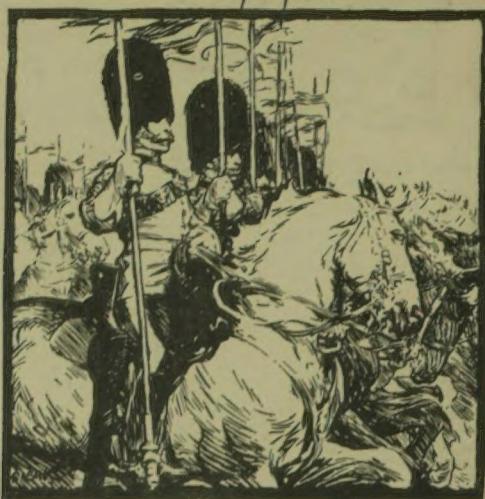
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